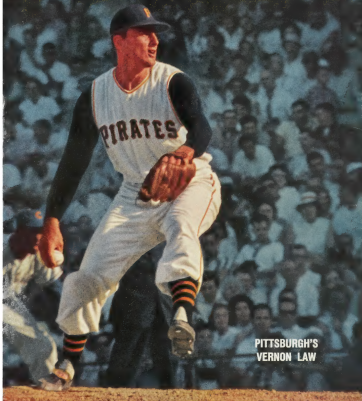


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 10, 1960 25 CENTS



PITTSBURGH'S
VERNON LAW



On Homecoming Weekend, Ernie Klack and son team up with Carter's knitted boxer shorts

Razzle-dazzle quarterback of the '79 team, Ernie is second-guessing a Homecoming Game touchdown. He and Ernie, Jr. have already scored extra points in style with Carter's knitted boxer shorts. Ernie has long stressed the advan-

tages of cotton knits by Carter's: dashing smartness, luxurious softness, no-ironing-needed neatness (shoes from wife Irma). Careful coaching on the need for Carter's genuine knitted boxers — it's the least a man can do for his son!

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it unchallenged (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

Carter's
THE MILLER CORP. CO., JACKSON HEIGHTS, N.Y.

MEANS COMFORT IN KNITTED BOXER SHORTS...BRIEFS...T-SHIRTS...ATHLETIC SHIRTS



"Greatest Buy" Price Knit Boxers \$1.65 . . . at these and other fine stores: BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Company • CHICAGO, Bedco • 80 Street CINCINNATI, The John Kirby Co. • CLEVELAND, The May Co. • All Stores • COLUMBIA, The F. & E. Lerner & Co. • BIG MORNINGS, Freshers • DETROIT, J. L. Hudson Co. FLORENCE, ALA., Rogers • GRAND RAPIDS, Stearns • LAS VEGAS, Levy's • LOS ANGELES, Bullock's • OAKLAND, Prudden, Santa Ana, Westwood • NEW HAVEN, J. Johnson & Sons NEW YORK, Franklin Simon, Gimbels • NEWARK, Balducci & Co. • ROCKFORD, Sears, Roebuck & Co. • ST. LOUIS, Farnsworth Co. • All Stores • SPOKANE, Thomas T. Gossamer

TO DRINK OR TO WAGER? A DILEMMA.



[*Winner crossing finish line at Leopardstown Race Course near Dublin*]

PLEASE understand that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have no wish to foster strife at the course between turf commissioner and drink purveyor; the bookie and the barman should be friends. ♪ And yet, in the normal run of things it is not easy to do justice to the both of them—or to one's self—for there is only so much time between races and the two things to do: A) have a drink; B) prepare for the next event. Both are time-consuming. ♪ Consider: the race being over one is either elated or depressed and in either case with tongue hanging out for refreshment of burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey. But unless one is exceptionally fleet of foot the bar is six deep on arrival and the upshot is no time to visit the paddock, review the form sheet, exchange confidences with the jockey's brother, check the odds, or, in short, make thoughtful wagers. On the other hand if one works, works, works all through the intermission why then there is no time for refreshment, is there? Since man does not live by bets alone there is obviously no real answer here either. Is there any answer? ♪ Oh, to be sure there is; are: 1) You might station a female (your wife if you have got one and she is self-effacing or non-horse oriented; or an obliging lady friend who is more interested in the pageantry than the results) to hold your place at the bar *during* the race. 2) Make friends with the bartender, possibly developing a code whereby you, by waving something—a pound note, say—can attract his attention from afar and gain priority. 3) Regular roadwork in empty grandstands to improve your uphill sprinting form. ♪ Lacking confederates or speed you had best employ 4): The Alternate Doubles System; i.e., a large Irish Whiskey every other race. This is probably the best system ever devised for the ordinary man. If there are better we should like to know of them.



THE FISH THAT SNIPPED UP THE ZIPPO LIGHTER WAS A GREAT NORTHERN PIKE, ONE OF AMERICA'S SCRAPPYEST GAME FISH.

The amazing story of a Zippo that worked after being taken from the belly of a fish

Mr. Harry Best, recently retired fish and game protector for the New York State Conservation Department, told this remarkable but true story to the Zippo man:

"A party, just west of Cleveland on Oneida Lake, was fishing for Great Northern Pike in Three Mile Bay. They caught a Pike that weighed about 38 pounds. When they dressed the Pike, in the stomach was one of your lighters.

The Pike must have picked it off the bottom or could have grabbed it before it got to the bottom. The lighter was in fine shape which showed that it had not been lost long. The best part of it was that the Zippo lit the first time."

Even for a fisherman, it's quite a yarn. But thousands of other Zippo lighters have lived through fantastic adventures—and still worked.

The Zippo man is not surprised that the lighter worked. He makes every one of his lighters to work. Not just for weeks, months or years, but forever!

Whether you buy your Zippo lighter in a store or find it in a fish, the Zippo man offers you his same incredible guarantee: No matter how old it is or what its condition, if a Zippo ever fails to work, he'll fix it free!



Exceptional Zippo
Lighter. In five popular
sports designs. \$5.00



New Zippo Slim Lighter.
Same dependable action,
gold chrome. \$4.75



Regular Zippo. Black
Zippo finish. Black
finish chrome. \$3.50



Gold-filled Zippo. 20-
kt. gold filled in case,
not plated. \$20.00*



Engine-turned Zippo.
Smart new design in
polished chrome. \$4.75



If you don't see Zippo
on the bottom of the
lighter, it's not a genuine
Zippo.

Contents

OCTOBER 16, 1960 Volume 15, Number 15

Cover photograph by N.Y. Poole

- 22 **An Epic of Golf**
Young Jack Nicklaus turned in the best amateur performance since Bobby Jones. By Guillem Brown
- 26 **Is It Goodbye to All This?**
Jim Norris "discovered" the last small kingdom of his touring empire—but has the mob had it?
- 28 **Seven Bold Pirates**
Roy Terrell introduces some of the colorful members of Pittsburgh's pennant-winning team
- 34 **Irish Sport Is Happy Mayhem**
Playtime in the Emerald Isle is a sanguinary but sometimes subsidized period
- 40 **The Day Bobby Hit the Home Run**
Roger Kahn re-creates that fabled day in 1952 when Bobby Thomson made national history
- 60 **Beauty and the Boors**
Duck hunting at its best, in color, plus Albert Hochbaum's words on waterfowlers at their worst
- 82 **Have-nots Have at the Haves**
Syracuse managed to squeak by a stubborn Kansas team, but favored Washington was upset by Navy
- 93 **Racing Alone Across the Atlantic**
Francis Chichester tells a weird and wonderful tale of a 4,000-mile boat in windward

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 82 College Football |
| 16 Editorials | 87 Pro Football |
| 21 Coming Events | 107 Baseball's Week |
| 72 Automobiles | 108 For the Record |
| 76 Food | 109 19th Hole |
| 81 Charles Goren | 110 Pat on the Back |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 312 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, IL. This issue is published in national and foreign editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$6.75 one year.

Acknowledgments on page 157

Next week

The first World Series in 35 years between Pittsburgh and New York will be reported in words by Editor Roy Terrell and in pictures by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** photographers.

Catherine Drinker Bowen, noted biographer and historian, discovers on a farm in Pennsylvania the wonderful and lively sporting parents of a unique American family.

There is big news for women—and for men—in the recent sportsman's collection of California and New York. The new stretch fabrics will make slinky pants fit like silk.





BEEFEATER BEEFEATER

the imported
English Gin that
doubles your
martini pleasure

Beefeater—symbol
of integrity in
British tradition
and in the finest
English Gin.



Unqualified
since 1820

BEEFEATER GIN

54 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
KOBRAND CORPORATION • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

MEMO from the publisher

FYOD has been a sporting proposition to this magazine since the very beginning. In our September 12, 1955 issue, for instance, Joan Flynn Dwyerspool visited the home of Bud Wilkison, the great Oklahoma coach. There she learned that one of the many problems of a good coach's good wife is not only feeding the coach properly but being prepared at all times for an enthusiastic aftergame invasion of a hundred or more grateful collegians. Mrs. Dwyerspool revealed in print Mrs. Wilkison's solution, which is now famous on the campus of the University of Oklahoma. It is a hot hors d'oeuvre dip called chili con queso, and here's how you can make it for a hundred hungry invaders:

- 3 pounds processed American cheese
- 1 pound processed Cheddar cheese
- 2 medium onions, finely chopped
- 8 cloves of garlic, crushed
- 2 No. 2 cans of tomatoes
- 3 to 4 small cans of hot green peppers, chopped
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce

Melt cheese in double boiler. Add other ingredients and cook until well blended (about 30 minutes). Serve hot in chafing dish with corn chips as dip.

I recall this tasty incident because you will find on page 76 of this issue

the story of a book, *Gridiron Cookery*, that grew out of the kitchens of 178 college football coaches' wives. Its author (with Aileen Brothers) is Frances Daugherty, the wife of Duffy Daugherty, celebrated coach of the Michigan State Spartans. Her problems are the same as Mary Wilkison's. The recipes in her book were gathered from coaches' wives who must face each fall some exceptional challenges to their skill and skillet. On page 5 of *Gridiron Cookery* you will find Mary Wilkison's savory chili con queso.

Many good things grow out of the pages of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Two other items are currently delighting the eye, ear and mind. One is a series of full-color, big-screen short moving pictures produced by Paramount, titled simply *Sports Illustrated*. Now on view in your movie houses is one on fishing in the Florida Keys and another on Thoroughbred horse racing. A third will be coming out of the editing room soon.

Also stepping before the public again from the pages of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is Charles H. Goren, our bridge expert. He can be seen, starting October 16, on almost all ABC television network stations every Sunday afternoon conducting Championship Bridge.

Arthur H. Hays

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: Alex G. Siefel, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE: Charles A. Adams, General Manager, Mail subscriptions orders, correspondence and corrections (no change of address on *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*), 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks notice. Please state magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires 60 days in new address.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$6.75, all other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$8.00.

STAFF AND THE PUBLICATIONS: TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURE, FORTUNE AND FOCUS & BOOK. Chairman of the Board, Andrew W. Mellon; Chairman, Executive Committee, Ray K. Leman; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Glavin; President, James A. Luce; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, C. W. Brynmor; Senior Vice President, Howard Blash; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Berber; Vice Presidents, Edgar B. Snider, Clay Backlund, Arnold W. Corbin, Allen Green, C. D. Jackson, Arthur R. Maynor Jr., Ralph B. Price Jr., P. L. Friedman, Wayne C. Fulton Jr.; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Hervey; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Glavin Jr.



Canada... the wonderful world at your doorstep!



THIS is the sportsman's season in vibrant, colorful Canada! Fast, tough Canadian football provides thrill-packed afternoons... the fishing season's still open on many of the choicest waters... and the hunter seeks his quarry amid the beauty of autumn foliage. It's a "family" season too, of clear sunny days designed for golf and picnics, shopping and sight-seeing. Come by car, plane or train... you're just a few hours from all the pleasures of an autumn holiday in Canada. Excellent accommodation, knowing guides, superb cuisine will help make your visit memorable. May we help you plan? Simply mail the coupon.



Free! Vacation Package

Including the new
"INVITATION
TO CANADA"



T-4-04-09

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU,
OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send the Vacation Package to:

NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

Stick this coupon on dry postcard or enclose in envelope ▶

THE '61 PONTIAC IS HERE!

IT'S
ALL PONTIAC!
ON A NEW
WIDE-TRACK!

New track-to-body proportion! The track is the width between the wheels. Pontiac is the only Wide-Track car. Body width is reduced, shaving side overhang, setting the whole car in better balance. Best relationship of body width to wheel width ever tailored. Lean and sway are ancient history.

Announcing the new Pontiac Trophy V-8 Engine! We've improved the engine the experts said was perfect. New fuel induction system saves gas by using more air in the gasoline mixture. This makes the engine breathe more efficiently, giving you better acceleration. Eleven versions to choose from. Horsepowers range from 215 to 348. For best economy, specify the Trophy Economy V-8. Its lower compression ratio lets you use regular gas.

More headroom, legroom, footroom for greater comfort! You'll take great comfort in the extra roominess we've built into the '61 Pontiac. Seats are higher, yet there's more clearance beneath the steering wheel and more hatroom over your head. There is more legroom, more footroom. Doors are wider and designed to swing open farther. The more highway you put behind you (Pontiac specializes in this) the more you'll appreciate the new room that's all around you in this sleek new '61.



THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR!

Wheels moved out to body width. More weight balanced between the wheels. Pontiac is the only Wide-Track car. No other car hugs the road with such sure-footed stability. PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL, DETROIT, MICH.



BIRMINGHAM • ST. LOUIS • DETROIT • PITTSBURGH • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • PHOENIX • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SAN DIEGO • LOS ANGELES • LOS ANGELES

SEE THE VICTOR BORGE SHOW ON OCTOBER 6, ABC-TV



MCGREGOR

BROGUE SHAWL COAT FOR FATHER AND SON



MCGREGOR warms up crisp Fall weather with a rugged new idea in casual wear—a brogue shawl coat in the cream of all corduroys, velvety-thick, all-cotton **CONE MOBY PICK**. Further insulation: luxurious pile collar, and quilted lining! And colors: the misty shades of the Isles of Hebrides. Men's sizes, \$35.00; prep sizes, \$27.98; wee sizes, 6-12, \$24.98. At fine stores everywhere.

CONE CORDUROY
IS THE CONE



Member of the Corduroy Council of America

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

Editor-in-Chief: Henry R. Sorens
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Larsen

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Melnick

President: James A. Linan

Editorial Director: Roddy Dunne

Assistant Director: Albert L. Forth

1000

Managing Editor: Andre Legrand
Assistant Managing Editors: Richard W. Johnson,
John Wiley

References

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: Alfred E. Bogen

Year	Number of cases		Number of deaths	
	Number	Rate per 100,000	Number	Rate per 100,000
1990	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
1991	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
1992	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
1993	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
1994	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
1995	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
1996	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
1997	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
1998	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
1999	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2000	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2001	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2002	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2003	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2004	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2005	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2006	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2007	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2008	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2009	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2010	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2011	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2012	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2013	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2014	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2015	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2016	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2017	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2018	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2019	1,000	1.0	100	1.0
2020	1,000	1.0	100	1.0

Associate Editors: ARTHUR, Peter; KROTH, Eric; Lewis, Robert E.; BUCK, Arthur L.; DOWNEY, Robert; GORDON, Andrew; GRIMMOND, Roger S.; HANLEY, Gerald; HOLLAND, Martin; KANE, Hammond S.; MASON, James; MURPHY (Los Angeles), Jack; OLSEN, Colin; PHILLIPS, Henry; RICHARDS, Fred R.; SMITH, Jeremiah; TAY, Jay; TAYLOR, Whitney; TOWSE, Norman; WARD, Alfred; WIGLE.

Staff Writers: Walter Beeghly, Ray Carr, Alex Higgins, Hanson Kent, Mervin Hyman, Florida Kuhl, William Lippitt, Morton Lund, Gilbert Rabin, Kenneth Ralston, Leo Woodcock, Jo Allen Hall.

Photography: various sources; Gerald Sater; *mountain*, Ben Seibels; George J. Windigard; *Holly Ditch*, Theodore Moss; *CALIF. FISH-CRABPOT*, John C. Zimmerman; *CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS*, Jerry Cooke, Los Angeles; Alan Wolf, San Francisco.

Writer-Reporters: CHIEF, Homer Franklin; Thomas Holmes, Geoffrey S. Brown, Guy Flood, George Walsh, Herman Weisgold, Roger Williams
Reporters: Mary Bane, Nancy Allen, Duane Burton, Britton Blackford, Jack Campbell, Peggy Drury, Barbara Hoffman, Mary Jane Hodges, Pamela Jolly, Ann Mary Madison, Ann W.

Coordinating Editors: Roger Bannister (Frank), Charles Curran (Cando), Carleton Mitchell (Fuchs), Neil John O'Reilly (Nelson), Maynard Shuman (Frenck), William F. Tubbett (Frenck), Herbert Warren Ward (Cato)

Production: Christine Davidson (Copy Desk), Betty Deffenbacher, Engelburg Fierth, Arthur A. Goldberger, Lisa Marshall, Geraldine Simmons, Helen Taylor

Art Department: Harvey Gray, Martin Nudman, William Bernadino, Brendan F. Malvey, Catherine Rudick, Thomas Lindbergh, Robert Rugg

Article's keywords:

Administrative Assistant: MARGARET HARTS

[illegible]

SENGE, BERNARD, CHIEF, John Boyce London, U.K.; **SENE, NANA, John** Mankony, Sierra, New Del. (1); **SENG, HENG KANG, Maria C.Y.** Panama City, G. de Panama, Panama, 2000.

Publisher: Sidney L. James
 Advertising Director: E. L. Coleman Jr.



A new Fall weight sports shirt of Manhattan's Uniflex—
of Galey & Lord combed cotton in muted tones.

Galey & Lord



3401 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

A DIVISION OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

A DIVISION OF HURLINGTON INC.

When you
DINE Italian,
WINE Italian with
RUFFINO

Italy's Prize
CHIANTI

Read our White



S. F. A. toasts the new
felt of Burnished Olive
for the University men

The man about town approves this rich new coloring as well as the smartly tapered lower-leg look of our plain-edged far felt hat with a 7 1/2" brim. It is exemplary of the fine headwear we've geared to the distinguished wardrobe this fall. Also in west point grey or olivande green, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2 sizes . . . \$12.95. Men's Hats. Street Floor.

THE MEN'S SHOPS

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

65 FIFTH AVENUE

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Ann Arbor



Only when camera with all these features: (1) fingertip zoom control, (2) angled viewfinder, (3) automatic electric eye. Only \$169⁹⁵

New DeJUR Fingertip Zoom Electra: Easiest of all!

Special focusing mount lens gives you sharp movies as close as six feet away

Z-O-O-M your color movies and fill your screen with big, bright closeups and amazing wide-angle views that fascinate everyone. It's easy . . . in fact, easiest of all with this wonderful new DeJUR. (1) Just press gently on one button for telephoto, on the other for wide-angle. You zoom with a smooth glide keeping a natural, comfortable firm grip on the camera. And (2) you use the zoom as you shoot because we've coupled the lens to the viewfinder. Don't worry about proper exposure. The famous DeJUR Electric Eye (3) adjusts with quick and accuracy.

When not in use, it's guarded against sun, dirt and damage by an exclusive stainless steel "Eye-Lid."

These features—plus superior, protected internal lens (f/1.8 with fine-focus adjustment), built-in filter, contoured handgrip—make this new DeJUR the one color movie camera simple enough for a beginner, versatile enough for a professional. Ask your DeJUR dealer to show you the Zoom Electra and its perfect mate, the new, self-threading Ambassador—the projector that even turns out the room lights. DeJUR-AMSCO Corporation, Long Island City 1, N. Y.



New Ambassador Automatic Loading 8mm Projector. Simply insert film leader in handy guide, thread lens. Zoom lens fills screen perfectly. Only \$239.95



DeJUR . . . a celebrated name in precision equipment for almost a half century

SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

THE SERIES

Governor David Lawrence of Pennsylvania refused to skip the World Series to go polio-fighting with Vice-presidential Candidate Lyndon Johnson. Whereupon Johnson canceled his Pennsylvania trip. This is one of the smaller disturbances caused by that annual phenomenon, the World Series. One of the larger ones is going on, day and night, in Pittsburgh. Offers of \$100 each for tickets are being turned down. A Pittsburgh sportswriter called friends on the *Chicago Daily News* to ask if they could fit him up with a ticket. The only groups in town satisfied with arrangements are the judiciary and the crooks. The courts are closing at noon during the Series, because almost every Pittsburgh judge has a ticket.

For the uninitiated, there are special blessings in the form of super-duper newspaper and radio-TV coverage. Yogi Berra is covering for Hearst. A kindly sportswriter agreed to dot Yogi's i's and cross his t's. The *Pittsburgh Press* is using Dick Great and Vernon Law; Press Writer Les Biederman is doing both columns. This gives Great time to do a nightly radio analysis of each game, and maybe to play a little shortstop.

The Rotary Club of Kansas City ordered six television sets for its meeting this week, and the guest speaker will be told to sit down and shut up. If the Series goes seven games, two guest speakers will be told to sit down and shut up.

At Shawnee Mission North High School in Kansas, the gymnas are being piped into classrooms in an attempt to improve the students' health. In years past, flu epidemics have hit the school at World Series time. A similar step has been taken at the Pittsburgh post office to improve the health of the employees' grandmothers.

Betting has been restrained, bookmakers report. Before the first game, the Pirates were sentimental favorites,

but betting them was to ignore (or sneer down) the Yankees' winning streak at season's end (see below). Maury Schwartz, a Las Vegas oddsmaker and bow street, noted that New York held strong at 7-to-5 favorites, but "the bookmakers are jittery about it." Explained Schwartz: "I think some guys in the East made these prices; they don't reflect the true situation. Over the past 10 or 12 years the Yankees have always been able to come up with a rally. But the Yankee players are big mugs sitting in overstuffed chairs with big cigars in their mouths. The Pirates are hungry. I personally expect them to take the Series in from five to seven games." You should remember you heard it from Maury.

THE EDGE

In the last of the sixth, Ken Hunt beat out a beautiful backspinning ball. The crowd began the rhythmic clapping. Then Dale Long hit the fifth pitch on a flat arc into the right-field

bullpen, and the crowd roared its appreciation as it tumbled toward the exits. The Yankees had beaten Boston 8-7 to close out the season with a 15-game winning streak, longest pennant-winning finish in history.

How did it feel to be riding a giddy wave into the World Series? Catcher-Coach Jim Hegan, mindful of baseball superstition, said he "almost wished we'd lost one," and Casey Stengel was scornful. "Psychological edge?" snorted Case. "If their pitchers don't curve and if they're wild, if they don't play as well as we do, then we got the edge."

But Infielder Joe DeMaestri, who's seen enough losses to know, felt the Yankees were one up already. "We're in a winning frame of mind," he said, "and that gives us an edge. The Pirates didn't play well last week, and right now they're saying, 'Boy, the Yankees are better than hell.' The pressure will sure be on them."

FOOLISH NOTION

A young Southerner named Jack Evans had a notion recently which, if it had been executed, might have made amateur tennis a relatively honest game. But not, alas, an amateur one. Evans, an enthusiastic though recent arrival on the tennis scene, is the promoter of the Tuscaloosa Invitational singles and doubles tournament, now

en route



OUT OF THE POOL HALL AND ONTO THE TERRACE

Tom Tarbut of Phoenix, Ariz., is about to putt the six-ball in the corner pocket. He is playing a game of his own invention

—Patter Pool—with painted golf balls on a "pool table" made of cement and covered by a carpet of high resiliency.

promise her
anything...
but give her

ARE FEE GE

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

SCORECARD continued

in progress in the Alabama city. His notion was to lure competitors with cash awards of \$100 per winning round, instead of the customary padded expense. The finalists would have stood to make \$200 each (\$300 less than Lew Hoad's amateur prize—\$2, Sept. 12—but not had).

Evans was dissuaded from this honest, forthright, sensible but terribly naughty idea in the nick of time. If he had paid his players real money, instead of expense money, and the word had gotten out, the USLTA—under its own curious definition of honesty—would have had no choice but to declare all participants professionals. Among other things, this would have meant Christmas at home—instead of in Australia—for the U.S. Davis Cup team.

FIT LITTLE ISLAND

British kids are fitter than American kids. That's what William R. Campbell of St. Luke's College, Exeter told an international conference on health and fitness in Rome. What's more, he proved it.

Last year Campbell applied the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation fitness test to more than 10,000 British children, carefully selected so as to "duplicate exact testing conditions" in the U.S. Then he compared the results with those of 8,500 U.S. children. "The final result," said Campbell, "was that British boys were far superior to U.S. boys in all the fitness tests [pull-ups, sit-ups, shuttle run, 50-yard dash, standing broad jump, softball throw and 400-yard run-walk], except for the softball throw, which is not indigenous to the British. British boys have greater shoulder-girdle strength, superior agility, greater abdominal endurance, leg explosive power and circulatory endurance.

"British girls," Campbell said, "paralleled the British boys in their superiority over their U.S. counterparts. In addition, British girls performed better, at corresponding ages, than the average 10-, 11-, 12- and 13-year-old U.S. boys in five of the seven tests. In general, British and U.S. boys and British girls improved with age, while U.S. girls showed either little improvement or regressed with age.

"The physical fitness of a nation," Campbell concluded, "is definitely not displayed in the showing of its Olympic team, or by its economic stature, but by what its individuals can actually do, and U.S. youth does not display 'good physical fitness' when judged by these criteria."

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Don't be misled by attempts to play down the Florida and Oregon football bribery cases. Investigators have now discovered some of the culprits were once involved in an attempt to fix an Ivy League basketball game, suspect other—perhaps successful—fixes have been tried.

- The first lawsuit to come out of the Rome Olympics will be filed shortly by Wim Kessyay, a runner who was Surinam's only entry. Kessyay slept through his 400-meter heat, thereby became the crying stock of his tiny country. His suit will be against Freddy Glans, Surinam "team leader," and will claim "compensation for morale damages." Glans's sin: he forgot to wake Kessyay up.

- Bob Elliott is definitely out as manager of the Kansas City Athletics. But if local interests succeed in buying the A's, General Manager Parke Carroll, target of much abuse from the fans, will get another one-year contract.

- Track Coach Payton Jordan of Stanford has spent many hours studying films of Russian high jumpers, now concludes that their nine-step "joints" approach is sound. The series of short steps, instead of the American relaxed "lag" style, enables the jumper to get more "pop" or "lift" from his take-off foot.

- There is an even chance that the University of Kansas shortly will be placed on probation by the NCAA. The charge: illegal football recruiting procedures.

- Jack McCartan, the Frank Merriwell of the winter Olympics, will have to overcome one serious fault if he is to make it big as the New York Rangers' goalie. National Hockey League insiders say he tries to catch too many goals, particularly on his stick side.

- San Francisco Giant fans, putting pressure on Owner Horace Stoneham to dump cheery-beery Manager Tom Sheehan, are taking newspaper ads to demand that Leo Darabesh be hired as manager immediately.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DR. J. E. RIDEN, Knoxville, Tenn., dentist and two-day-a-week lefty golfer, scored two holes-in-one (188 and 194 yards, both split) in the same round for "a real first" and a first-under-average 58 at the Deane Hill Country Club in Knoxville.



HULMER CARLSON, Mount, N. D., garbage collector, bowled 180 games in 25 hours, averaged 185 pins a game, finished up with a 680 series to outlast 27 male competitors (19 of whom he beat), runner-off with \$1,680 and first place in local bowling.



BEN RING, 26-year-old right fielder for the pennant-winning Toronto Maple Leafs and 200 hitter (with 34 home runs and 58 R.B.I.s), edged past Buffalo's Don Lutzdrum by a single point to win the International League's Most Valuable Player award.



MRS. GLENN A. LETT VANE, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., former Curtis Cup captain and six-time National Amateur champion, fought off a last-round bid by Mrs. Harrison Figgins to post a record 121, win her first U.S. Senior Golf title, at Rye, N.Y.



MERLE KEMMERLY, Shreveport, La., rightish boxer competing in his eighth Grand American Trap Shoot, became first man—amateur or pro—in the event's 65-year history to shake the 100 double Over birds in air (at once) without a miss, at Vandalia, Ohio.



PERCIVAL P. BAXTER, 85, governor of Maine 1961-25, and champion of state's park system, was honored by National Conference on State Parks, which cited his drive to save 1.5 (200,000 acres) of Maine land into parks. His score to date: 193,800 acres.



always
virgin
wool

Pendleton

nothing
measures
up to
Wool

Shirt-weight leisure jacket of virgin wool by

Every man needs an extra jacket to throw on when the atmosphere is cool and casual. Try this new Pendleton fully-lined jacket of shirt-weight 100% virgin wool with knit collar, button sleeves and zipper front. Pure wool gives it warmth and rich good looks. \$7.50

For short cuts...for any style



Makes your haircut fit your head!



No matter how you like your hair cut—you'll look better when you use Short Cut. This new, non-greasy hair cream adds body to the hair fibers, makes your haircut fit your head. Keeps hair neat all day—and helps condition your scalp into the bargain. Takes about 2 seconds a day, costs a lot .50 per oz.

Old Spice **SHORT CUT**
HAIR GROOM

C.C. Ireland

He has his reasons



"Seventy years ago, nine men pooled their savings and formed the Union Oil Company.

"First year's business amounted to \$175,000. Now we market more than 250 petroleum products, and our total revenue in 1958 was \$562,962,423.

"Through the years there were important milestones of benefit to you.

"We were first in the West to introduce a multi-grade motor oil for cars. Today, our amazing purple motor oil, Royal Triton 10-30, is known everywhere.

"We were first in the West to introduce an aviation-type gasoline for cars.

"We were first to inaugurate a complete service system at the pump island. This is the famous Missus Man Service for checking air, water and battery, washing the windshield and rear window.

"Another Union Oil innovation is the Sparkle Corps—men and women who check the 'housekeeping' at our service stations.

"Some of these things are routine throughout the industry now. No matter where you drive in for service, you benefit from Union's pioneering ideas.

"These are a few reasons I'm really proud of our company in its 70th year."

* * * * *

Mr. Ireland is a distributor for our Marketing Department. Our 70th anniversary is also his 58th year with us.

Two factors foster the good things that come out of Union Oil Company. One is the kind of economy we have in this country—a free economy, encouraging progress. The other is our own awareness that to stay in business for ourselves, we have to stay in business for our customers.

Our 3,600 Union Oil people wish you money happy returns—to the sign of the 76.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

1960-1964 THE WEST'S MOST EXPERIENCED GASOLINE REFINER

IN SAILING...
 EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER
 IN SCOTCH...
TEACHER'S
 IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE



John C. Taylor, author, *Whisky and the Teacher's Family*, published by Robert & Lorimer Publishers, Inc.



**BOTTLED IN
 SCOTLAND**



*All the experience and resources of the firm
 Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. are concentrated on producing
 one quality of Scotch whisky — Teacher's Highland
 Cream. The Teacher family has personally supervised
 the making of this famous brand since 1830.*

**TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY / 46 PROOF
 SCHEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.**

EDITORIALS

MOB OR GOVERNMENT?

The "retirement" of James D. Norris from boxing promotion is good news—provided it is irrevocable. It is, of course, a prelude to his appearance December 5 before the Kefauver subcommittee of the U.S. Senate. Norris presumably hopes the committee will be less interested in a retired promoter than in an active one. We hope not. The committee has an excellent opportunity to dig deep and fully expose the dirt that has envenomed the Norris-dominated prizefight racket.

Where do we go from this point? We believe boxing should be supervised by a federal boxing commission, with its own investigators and licensing power, and with the right and duty to call in the FBI, Treasury agents and anyone else

who can catch the crooks and get rid of them. The sport of boxing will not be clean until reputable people are able to engage in it enthusiastically without having to cut in types who belong in jail instead of at ringside.

The state commissions have not done the job. They have been made up too often of appointees who owe their jobs and gratitude to shady politicians, in some instances friendly to criminals. They sometimes have competed for fights with other states in order to make money for local hotel proprietors and bar and grill owners. In this understandable effort to bring business to their communities the commissioners have walked through corridors lined with gangsters to welcome the mob's pseudorespectable front man.

By recommending federal supervision we are not saying boxing should be taken from the underworld and handed over in its entirety to the government. Bureaucratic intervention should be limited to rigid investigation and licensing. Then it ought to be possible to interest honest businessmen in boxing promotion.

The game is in a bad way right now; but Americans still love a good prizefight.

THE INFRA-RED WILDERNESS

A lot of hunters enjoy the scramble over rough terrain, the slow stalk of elusive quarry, the glory of the autumn woods, the loneliness of a chilly marsh, the clean challenge of the clean shot. Apparently, a lot of others do not. Judging by the latest "advances" in the hunting field, the woods and marshes will shortly be full of sybaritic duffers whose only interest is to go easy, take potshots and brag late.

Item: *The Wall Street Journal* reports the impending release, for commercial sale, of an infra-red telescopic sight for high-powered rifles, similar to the infra-red scopes used on night patrols in Korea not so long ago. Well, why not? The deer don't know that it is illegal to shoot them at night.

Item: In the Middle West, as Albert Hochbaum reports on page 65 of this issue, a state

vehicle will take you right up to your duck blind, and if you can't shoot any better than you can walk, a benevolent game supervisor will correct your aim over a public address system.

Item: The Army and other experts have just announced that a fluorescent Blaze Orange is the safest color to wear in the bush during hunting season. It will protect the wearer from hunters but not from the cheerful nitwits who have been shooting red-hatted and yellow-hatted hunters.

We decry the night-shooting rifle scope and we regret the necessity (it is a necessity) for Blaze Orange. What we need more than the right color, however, is education and a licensing test to protect both game and hunters from the lazy, lethal whunters who have been invited into the woods and marshes. Hunting is a legitimate sport. It must not be allowed to degenerate into a motorized industry with sadistic overtones.

PLEASE KEEP YOUR TWO CENTS OUT OF THIS!



Robt. Burns Panatelas are now 2 for 25¢ (were 2 for 27¢)



Now you don't pay a premium to enjoy America's best-selling premium panatela—the Robt. Burns Panatela. Same fine blend of Havana tobacco, same trim shape, same mild smoke. Now price: 2 for 25¢. Probably the best cigar value in the land.



*plus tax in some states

Another fine product of General Cigar

It's the most useable, liveable, likeable car ever built — the '61 Chevrolet. Less out size that leaves extra inches of clearance for parking and garaging. More in size with seats as much as 14% higher (just right for sitting, just right for seeing) and a shaved down drive-shaft tunnel that leaves space for feet. Larger door openings (up to 6 inches wider) make an open and shut case for comfort and convenience all by themselves, and that deep-well trunk (a regular storeroom on wheels) shows you that Chevy thinks big about baggage, too. You can tell extra-careful planning went into this new Chevy. It's so luxurious where you want luxury, yet so practical where you want thrifty, no-nonsense practicality. It's at your Chevrolet dealer's right now, the car that gives you a new measure of your money's worth!



Biscayne 4-Door Sedan (shown)—big-car comfort at small-car prices! New Biscaynes (8 or V8) give you a full measure of Chevy quality, room and proved performance — priced down with many cars that give you a lot less!

Biscayne Sport Sedan—top of our line for '61. Notice the 100 new seat trim, front door interior trim, a new 100 wheel design.

... CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, COLUMBIA, MISSOURI



Sixty-One derful Chevrolet

**THE
GREATEST
SHOW ON
WORTH** CHEVROLET

What's new with the
'61 Chevy Corvair?
turn the page...



THE GREATEST SHOW ON WORTH

now...more space, spunk and savings!

NEW 61 CHEVY CORVAIR!



Here's this for a one-and-only! The new Corvair 300 Lakewood Station Wagon.

Here's Corvair for 1961, refined and polished to win you over with a complete line of complete thrift cars. Including America's only rear-engined wagons: the nimble Lakewood Station Wagon with 58 cubic feet of cargo space inside (rear seat folded), plus another 10 cubic feet under that lockable hood. And the Greenbrier Sports Wagon—it gives you up to twice the space you're used to finding in a wagon. Twice! Naturally, all nine new Corvair models treat you and your budget more gently than ever. Sedans and coupes have more room for you—more room under the hood by nearly 12% for your luggage. Corvair's spunkier 145-cu.-in. air-cooled rear engine delivers even more miles per gallon than last year, and it starts you saving sooner with faster than ever cold-start warmup. There's a new heater*, too, that doesn't use a drop of gasoline. You're going to like what we've done with Corvair for '61—the way it looks and the way it saves. But find out for yourself—at your Chevrolet dealer's... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Optional at no extra cost.



The handsome Corvair 200 4-Door Sedan. Its Body by Fisher has built-in heating ducts for more efficient distribution of heat.

COMING EVENTS

October 7 to October 13
All times are E.D.T.

★ Color television ♦ Television ■ Second night

Friday, October 7

FOOTBALL

Panor (Miami) Club of America and, field trials and show, Lebanon, Pa. (through Oct. 8).

HORSE SPORTS

ICCFA, Big Van White and, rally, Middleboro, N.Y. (through Oct. 8).

Saturday, October 8

FOOTBALL

Pullman vs. Baltimore, multiple rate home, 11:30 a.m., Los Angeles, 30 p.m. (ABC).

FIELD HOCKEY

International Field Hockey Festival, Green, work, Conn. and Rye, N.Y. (through Oct. 10).

FOOTBALL (continues)

Bay of Michigan State, Columbia at Yale.

Yale at Michigan State.

Yale at Iowa State.

Yale at Georgia Tech.

Marquette at North Carolina State (TV).

Missouri (P.M.) at Wake Forest.

Marquette at Vanderbilt (TV).

Marquette at St. Paul.

Marquette at Wake Forest, Fla. 3:15 p.m. (Marquette).

Marquette at Minnesota.

Marquette at North Carolina, 2:00 p.m. (ABC).

Ohio State at Illinois.

Ohio State at Army.

Yale at Wisconsin.

Yale at Ohio State.

Yale at Wisconsin at Dallas.

Washington at Stanford, 6:45 p.m. (ABC).

Yale at Los Angeles Chargers (TV).

HOCKEY

Yale at Montreal.

New York at Toronto.

HORSE RACING

Michigan Handicap, \$20,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.

NEW RACE RACING

Rolling Rock Handicap, \$10,000, Ligonier, Pa.

HORSE SPORTS

ICCFA, Big Van White and, rally, Texas (also Oct. 8).

Sunday, October 9

FOOTBALL (cont.)

Yale at Green Bay (CBS-TV, Mutual).

Yale at Dallas.

Yale at Washington (CBS).

Yale at Chicago (CBS).

Yale at Pittsburgh (CBS).

Yale at Houston (ABC).

Yale at Dallas (CBS).

Yale at Philadelphia (CBS).

Yale at Detroit (CBS).

SOFTBALL

Colony Softball, Perry, Conn. vs. San Jose, 3 p.m. (NBC).

HOCKEY

Yale at Boston.

New York at Chicago.

Toronto at Detroit.

Monday, October 10

SOFTBALL

Yale at Boston, 2:30 p.m. vs. Lakeland, Holywood, Calif., 10:30 p.m. (NBC).

Tuesday, October 11

HORSE RACING

Yale at Lakeland, 2:30 p.m. vs. Lakeland, Holywood, Calif., 10:30 p.m. (NBC).

HOCKEY

Yale at Boston.

New York at Chicago.

Toronto at Detroit.

HORSE RACING

Yale at Lakeland, 2:30 p.m. vs. Lakeland, Holywood, Calif., 10:30 p.m. (NBC).

Wednesday, October 12

HOCKEY

Yale at Chicago.

New York at Detroit.

Toronto at Boston.

HORSE RACING

Yale at Lakeland, 2:30 p.m. vs. Lakeland, Holywood, Calif., 10:30 p.m. (NBC).

Thursday, October 13

HOCKEY

Yale at Chicago.

New York at Detroit.

Toronto at Boston.

HORSE RACING

Yale at Lakeland, 2:30 p.m. vs. Lakeland, Holywood, Calif., 10:30 p.m. (NBC).

★ See local listing

You can perform better with a GUINNESS in mind!



The robust flavor of this ruby draught will never replace the soft drink. There's nothing soft or syrupy about Guinness®. But for muscular men... who work hard, play hard, live hard... this is it. That strong, half-bitter taste is something to look forward to! For 200 years now, this dark, Irish brew has been the masculine man's preference. Frankly, it is not for everyone. But vigorous, vital men are vehement that Guinness stout has the secret of the cool refreshment they need. Guinness goes good, mixed half-and-half with beer... it goes great straight!



GUINNESS®

A FULL-BODIED BREW FOR ABLE-BODIED MEN

IMPORTED BY HEUBLEIN FOOD IMPORTING CO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
OCTOBER 15, 1960



Portrait by John Aron

AN EPIC OF GOLF



Jack Nicklaus wrote it on the greens and fairways of Merion, during the World Team Championship, with the best display by an amateur since Bobby Jones's Grand Slam in 1930. For Gwilym Brown's story, turn the page

HOW NICKLAUS STOLE THE SHOW AT PHILADELPHIA

by GWILYM BROWN

AT ONE O'CLOCK last Saturday afternoon on the 13th green of the famous East Course of the Merion Golf Club near Philadelphia, young Jack Nicklaus brooded himself over the final putt of his final round in the World Amateur Team Championship. He was about to climax the most exciting and memorable performance by an amateur golfer since Bobby Jones' Grand Slam in 1930. The day was sunny but chilly. A hushed gallery ringed the green and curled up the flanks of the 14th fairway. An American flag posted high behind the green snapped in the brisk wind. Nicklaus crouched lower and lower over his touchy five-foot putt.

Then suddenly, almost shockingly, a gust of wind snatched the green-killed white golf cap from Nicklaus' crew-cut head and plopped it on the green directly behind him. Without turning, without hesitating, Nicklaus stroked the ball into the cup.

The moment epitomized both the performance and the player. Seemingly unaffected by the rain, the wind or the problems presented by one of the world's most difficult golf courses, this 20-year-old Ohio State junior had shot sub-par rounds of 66, 67, 68 and 68 for a 72-hole total of 269. This score was 18 strokes below the total Ben Hogan posted while winning the U.S. Open at Merion in 1950. Nicklaus' 66 on the first day broke the amateur course record—a record that had stood for 36 years. His four-day score was 13 strokes better than the second man in this field of the world's finest amateur golfers, and 19 strokes better than the third man. He led the U.S. team of four to a monumental 42-stroke victory over second-place Australia.

The fact that anyone could break Merion's rigorous par of 70 on four consecutive rounds was completely surprising. The fact that Nicklaus, at this particular time, should be the one to do it was even more unexpected. Since his second-place finish to Arnold Palmer in the U.S. Open last

June, Nicklaus had been beaten in the NCAA tournament, had gotten married, had abandoned serious competitive golf for several weeks and had played erratically and been defeated in the U.S. Amateur just two weeks before coming to Philadelphia.

"When I went to St. Louis for the Amateur," Jack admitted last week, "I knew I would be beaten. I simply wasn't playing well enough to win it. I was inconsistent. One round I'd be three over par, the next seven under, the next three over again. I was still playing badly in my practice rounds here. In fact, after nine holes on my last practice round before the tournament I started to get worried. I went and told Ted [Totten Hefelfinger, nonplaying captain of the U.S. team] that I was hitting the ball so badly I was beginning to get scared. Then on the last nine holes I started hitting the ball well again. My game came back."

This surely is one of the understatements of the year. Swinging with the up-and-down power of a man hammering woodenstakes, Nicklaus drove the ball far and he drove it straight. Felders in the rough, he was able to reach many of the 440-yard holes with a drive and an eight- or nine-iron, despite exceptionally soggy fairways that yielded no roll at all. Merion's East Course has 117 traps (the "White Faces of Merion"), and yet he trapped his ball only eight times in four days. Two of those came on his first two shots of the tournament.

The first day's play was ruffled in fog and a fine, powdery rain that filtered into everything. Driving into the haze from the first tee, Nicklaus trapped his drive and then exploded his second shot out into another trap next to the green. But his third shot came out a foot from the hole and gave him his par. By the ninth hole he was two under par, and when he holed short birdie putts on the 10th and 11th the gallery realized that he had a good chance to break the amateur course record of 67 set in 1924.

Jack made sure of the record on the 17th hole, with his best shot of the day. The 17th is a 230-yard par-3 with an elevated tee and a green that

IN WATERPROOF PANTS ON SECOND DAY NICKLAUS CHIPS AT 6TH



flows down from the back and falls off sharply at the front like a waterfall. After peering through the misty rain Nicklaus chose a three-iron and smashed the ball in a white, blurry line toward the green. It rose slowly, then floated down seven feet from the hole—a birdie 2. Even three putts from 39 feet on the 16th for a bogey 5 could not keep him from the record after that one.

A shot to remember

Two days later Nicklaus hit a shot that golfers will be talking about for years. After going two-under par with a birdie on the 15th, Nicklaus hooked his drive at the 16th into the rough on the left. This hole is 445 yards long and the green is fronted by a gully some 129 yards wide that is filled with sand and tall, brushy Scotch broom. A mass of trees along the side of the fairway blocked his approach to the green, so Nicklaus, using an eight-iron, hit the ball high and far out to the right. It sailed toward a group of trees and the spectators packed around the right side of the green. Then it hooked back to the left and bounced onto the green 26 feet from the hole. Nicklaus climbed up to the putting surface, tapped the

ball and watched as it ran and ran and—just as it seemed about to stop short—toppled into the hole for a birdie 3. After that, his 68 on the final day—made with the tees pushed back as far as they would go and the pins put in the most difficult positions—seemed anticlimactic.

The exceptional display of golf by Nicklaus overshadowed a rather magnificent joint effort by the rest of the U.S. team. Deane Beman, current U.S. Amateur champion, who scored 87 on the second day and 69 on the third, finished second to Nicklaus on the individual list with a 282 total. Bob Gardner, runner-up to Beman in the Amateur, had a 65 on the third day and a 12-hole total of 288. Bill Hyndman III, the only one of the Americans who had played Merion before last week, shot 67 on the third day and tied Gardner at 289. No foreign player broke par on any round, and only 22-year-old Bruce Devlin, the Australian Open champion, could crash a U.S. sweep of the individual race. He finished third with a 288, just ahead of Gardner and Hyndman.

Also overshadowed by Nicklaus' four straight sub-par rounds was the significant international flavor of

the event. This World Amateur Championship, in spite of the one-man show that emerged from Merion, is primarily a team event. This was the second biennial championship (the first was held at St. Andrews in Scotland two years ago), and 22 nations entered four-man teams. Each day each country's three best scores are added together, and after four days the team with the lowest overall total wins the championship and the Eisenhower Trophy. Merion was dotted with golfers from countries like Malaya (3,000 golfers, 30 courses) and Finland (999 golfers, six courses). There were turbaned, bearded Indians as well as a combined foursome from Great Britain and Ireland, where golf is so much a part of everyday life. Thirty-eight of the visitors never broke 80 in any round, four never got below 90 and one, Dr. J. Francis Silva, an orthopedic surgeon from Ceylon, failed to break 100.

"Back home at the Royal Colombo club I have an 8 handicap," Dr. Silva, who shot rounds of 102, 101, 102 and 117, said in his soft, careful English. "I can't say why I haven't done better. Maybe there's something wrong with our handicap committee." **END**

ON 16TH GREEN DURING THIRD ROUND NICKLAUS WATCHES INTENTLY AS 30-FOOT PUTT FALLS INTO HOLE FOR HISTORIC BIRDIE



IS IT GOODBYE TO ALL THIS



KEY MEN IN BOXING: DURING THE 11-YEAR NORRIS REIGN INCLUDED (FROM LEFT) FRANK GARBO, MURRAY PALERMO, JOHN VITALE,

by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

To Jim Norris the air is room 1029 seemed stuffy. He picked indifferently at a seafood cocktail as an official of the Illinois Athletic Commission jumped up to open a window. On a couch against the wall, Truman Gibson Jr., the urbane, smooth-talking "front man" who had run Norris' boxing operation for 11 years, raised a drink and watched a score of freeloader gulp their lunches. "I seldom eat lunch," he said with a wan smile. "Breakfast and then a pretty good dinner. Hardly ever lunch."

It was not a day for bon appetit. Norris and Co. had gathered in the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago on Tuesday of last week to admit that they were loked and that they were getting out of boxing. The following night, the 501st—and last—of the Norris-promoted TV fights would be held in the Chicago Stadium (attendance: 760, including freelas; net gate: \$842). "This is the formal dissolution of the NBE," said Norris. With these words, the 20-month-old National Boxing Enterprises followed its Norris-controlled predecessor,

the International Boxing Club, into oblivion.

For a week Jim Norris had alternately scheduled and postponed his Götterdämmerung luncheon while his aides worried about, trying to find out just what the agents of the U.S. Senate subcommittee investigating boxing were planning to do in Chicago. The investigators were scattering subpoenas about—hitting Norris' chief partner, Arthur Wirtz, as well as heavyweight contender Sonny Liston and eight other persons—for hearings that are scheduled to open in Washington on December 5. They had not yet hit Jim.

Now, as Norris pushed away his roast beef in the Wirtz-owned Bismarck, his longtime associates were thinking more of the future than the past. "Ya see what I tell ya, Truman—newspapersmen respect ya if ya always tell 'em what ya can," said Bernie Bentley, who had been matchmaker for the Norris interests in Chicago. Now he was about to open a public-relations business in the Loop. "Mention me in your story," he said to a newsmen. "People will think I'm an O.K. guy if ya mention me in your

story. I mean, in your paper, ya know?"

Norris rose and smoothed his gray suit. Two members of the Illinois Athletic Commission—part of the Greek chorus in the tableau to follow—dutifully stopped bolting their food. Norris' face seemed a trifle puffy, his eyes a little sad. A monopoly "only exists if it comes from Chicago," he said bitterly. Of his years in boxing, he said, "I've enjoyed them, but we're not going to be able to continue." He cast out his plea of innocence of any wrongdoing in boxing, apparently hoping the antennae of the Senate subcommittee were properly tuned. "Any disreputable elements in boxing in New York were there before," he said. "I didn't bring them in. We didn't have any of that in Chicago and no matches were questioned here." ("You're — — well right," said a member of the Greek chorus. "You're — — right he's — — right," echoed a member of the state athletic commission.)

In order that everybody could have their say—and express undying fealty—Norris turned the chair over to Frank Gibson, chairman of the

A defeated Jim Norris, about to be subpoenaed by a Senate committee, dissolved his boxing empire last week, offering hope that mob rule of boxing is finally on the way out. Here is an on-the-scene account of the people and talk at Jim's last lunch



MYRTLE (THE RINK) WALLMAN, HOMER BILL DALEY, ARTHUR WIRTZ, TRUMAN GIBSON

Illinois Athletic Commission. Gilmer is a lumpy, belligerently naive ex-referee (and a lawyer in one of Chicago's most prominent law firms) who insists that the only villains in boxing are those who attack it. "When you knock a promoter like this out of business, you hurt a very great sport," said Gilmer. An elevated train rumbled by outside, dramatically punctuating the remark.

"They didn't want Jim Norris and Arthur Wirtz in Madison Square Garden," said Gilmer. He rambled on about the antitrust decision of Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan and the U.S. Supreme Court. "Judge Ryan's decision and the Supreme Court don't look so good," he said.

"[L]ike I say, I can't afford to have no subpoena served on me now," said Benjie Bentley. "I mean, now that I'm a respectable businessman."

Beside Gilmer sat pudgy, marcelled Lou Radzinda, chewing on a big black cigar. He nodded solemnly as Norris, speaking again, said, "Truman has been tremendously embarrassed. We've been tremendously embarrassed. To use a vulgar term, we've had a holyfal." The Greek

chorus around him bobbed with emotion. "Boxers never went without their money with you running things," shouted Radzinda. "You're — — right," shouted another member of the chorus. "They weren't not paid, they were overpaid." "Nobody did more for boxing than you did," said a third.

Norris went on. "Ten years ago, when we came in, there were no little fights in Chicago. We got into business and got a lot of title fights for Chicago. (The Greek chorus: "You're — — right, Jim.") "Without you, they would of never gotten a fight in Chicago." Said Norris, "Now we're back to where we were 10 years ago."

He didn't want to get out of boxing, said Norris. But without a television contract, "we could promote 20 fights in a row here and lose \$100,000, and then a big fight comes along and any little guy from the suburbs can bid on it." The Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, sponsor of Norris' Wednesday Night Fights, "notified us of their intention to renew the contract," said Norris. But the Gillette Safety Razor Company had offered the American Broadcasting



GLUM MORRIS STILL MUST TESTIFY

Company some \$8 million—according to Norris—for a Saturday sports package, including boxing from New York on Saturday night. "It was too much money for ABC to turn down," said Norris. That left Norris without a contract or a TV network for his productions.

Outs against the mysterious and malevolent forces in New York filled the air as Norris sat down and the photographers moved in on him. ("My daughter always wonders why my stomach shows so much in those pictures," he said.) The Illinois Athletic Commission and its staff sat ferociously at one table and discussed who "got" boxing. ("You did it," one said to a newspaperman. "You and your — — newspaper.")

Finally Jim Norris got up and left the Bismarck tags to his Lake Shore Drive apartment. There a Senate investigator was waiting for him with a subpoena. **END**

SEVEN BOLD BUCS

One Pirate is a preacher, one an ex-pug, another a comic. All are lively, exciting ballplayers

by ROY TERRELL

HERE ARE personality sketches of some of the Pirates you are watching in the World Series.

YERNON LAW. One of 10 children from an Idaho family, "Deacon" Law was recommended to Pirate Stockholder Bing Crosby by the late Senator Herman Welker. A tall, angular man of 30 with a friendly smile and a drawling voice, Law is a Mormon elder (not a deacon) who preaches regularly at Sunday stops around the National League. He does not drink, smoke, curse or throw at batters—or try to impose his religion on teammates. "A man is what he is," says Law. First names of wife and three sons also begin with Y. He once struck out a midget on three pitches in a high school game. Good hitter. Works as a cabinetmaker, coaches kids in winter.

BOB FRIEND. Husky, cigar-smoking National League player representative came up in '51 as 20-year-old, got big chance in '55 over objections of Branch Rickey when Manager Fred Haney slipped him into starting rotation on Sundays while religious Rickey stayed away from park. A highly intelligent athlete, Friend finished college in eight off-season semesters, joined father, five brothers and sisters as Purdue graduate (B.S., economics). Works as broker in winter, handling mutual funds. Was outstanding high school halfback, also

studied piano for eight years. Extremely nervous, he is a warrior on the mound, broods when he loses.

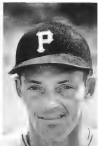
BOB HOAK. Called Tiger by his teammates, this ex-trumpet player from Roulette, Pa. is the lunk that peels the skin off Pirate backs if they dare to let down. A fiery, belligerent competitor who believes that losing is man's greatest sin, Hoak supplies the vocal leadership that meshes so perfectly with the quiet inspiration of Groat, Skinner, Law and Friend. "If

I'm not tired when I leave the hall park," says Hoak, "then I haven't played a good game." Joined Marine Corps at age 17, fought at Okinawa, fought professionally in the ring (27 victories in 33 fights), has been fighting ever since. Now 32, Hoak was married at home plate in Fort Worth in 1950. He is a dangerous hitter who excels in the clutch.

ROBERTO CLIMENTE. One of the most exciting of ballplayers, this trim,

continued

HSMESMAN HUMOR OF RIZELL. MUSICAL ATROCITIES OF PACE KEEP PRATES LARGE



Jayson
means
excite-
ment!



JAYSON OXFORD SHIRTS pose a question: Whether to be true to Ivy with an authentic Ivy-styled shirt or choose one in a more conventional vein. To help you make your decision a pleasant one, here is the best of both. Left: Streetfield oxford of fine combed cotton with regular button-down. Right: Authentic Ivy button-down with back button in fine cotton oxford; barrel cuffs on both. Outstanding at \$4.50

Available at fine stores everywhere, or write: JAYSON, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

Jayson



KEY TO JET TAIL GIMMICKETTE

- 1 Argentine gauchos, cowboys to you, are equally at home in folk songs or pursuing wild ostrich
- 2 Trout are so plentiful in Chile's lake district they fight to take a hook
- 3 Peru has many miles of beaches, this one is near Lima
- 4 Traca Ruedas (13 Coins), one of Lima's fine restaurants, is set in an old colonial home
- 5 Colorful hand-woven blankets are mass made south of Ecuador

Panagra DC-8 Jets to South America cut your travel time in half!

You'll find a hundred different ways to use the many hours you'll save when you fly Panagra jets to leisurely South America . . .

Picture yourself, off Peru's Cabo Blanco, bringing a 1500-pound marlin to gaff, or bargaining, in the Andes, with descendants of the Incas for a handcrafted rug. Hotels in the great tradition rub shoulders with ancient ruins, and luxury is the keynote of your trip from the moment you step aboard your custom-built Panagra DC-8 jet. En route you get a preview of the fine food and good living you'll find in this friendly continent.

Make reservations now. You'll fly without change of plane over the short-cut, scenic routes of National, Pan Am, and Panagra. Savings up to 35% now available. See why experienced travellers say: "You haven't seen anything until you've seen South America." Call your travel agent or Pan American.

PANAGRA
WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

Send 25¢ to Don Wilson, Room 4437, Chrysler Building, New York City 17, for a 130-page book: "How to Get the Most Out of Your Trip to South America."



The men of Hudson's Bay Company have
always had strong ideas about their Scotch



Ring made from a "Barbet" bone, the Company's currency worth one barrel of furs.

This is Scotch for the man among men...robust, stalwart, redolent of history. The very same Scotch originally distilled for that intrepid company of adventurers who carved an empire out of the wilderness some 290 years ago. The very same Scotch raised to toast the Queens by Officers of Hudson's Bay Company today. Now at long last, in restricted quantities, for you to savor with a sense of the past and a warm glow of discovery.



Scotch Whisky...since 1701 prepared with pride for
*The Governor & Company
of Adventurers of England
Trading into Hudson's Bay*

80 & PROOF • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • IMPORTED BY H. HUDSON'S BAY CO., INC., N. Y.

beautifully built athlete from Puerto Rico goes on batting campaigns when no one can get him out. He swings viciously at any pitch within reach, loses his cap, runs through stop signs at third base, slides like an avalanche. Opposing ballplayers call him a hot-dog, say he can be intimidated by fast balls bunting around his head—but pitchers have been throwing at him all year and he has hit .314, driven in almost 100 runs. Off the field Roberto is quiet, friendly, intelligent. Attended college briefly in Puerto Rico, where he threw the javelin. Something of a hypochondriac, Clemente once threatened to quit baseball because of an aching back, but has had few ailments this year. Only 26, he has been a big league for six seasons, supports his father, mother, six other relatives.

EL ROY FACE. In some ways most talented of the Pirates: can remove his teeth, yodel his own lyrics to popular songs and accompany himself on the guitar. Face comes from a long line of carpenters, looks like Buster Keaton, pitches like a manager's dream. Barely 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighing but 155 pounds, he was once considered too small to be a big leaguer. Won 22 straight victories in relief over two seasons, once pitched in nine consecutive games, has made the trip from bullpen 305 times in last five years. His famous "fork" ball is a slow, breaking pitch which veers in or out of down.

BOB SKINNER. Baseball players rate him one of the truly fine hitters, also one of the game's nicest guys. Smart, self-effacing, good natured, with a pleasant sense of humor, Skinner is even amused by his locker room nickname (Dog, because of his long, often sad-looking face). Spends winters in circulation department of the San Diego *Union-Tribune*. A left-hand hitter who is not bothered by left-hand pitching, Skinner hits line drives to all fields with a smooth, picture swing. Has been over 300 times, and although his average dropped this year his clutch performance has been deadly, leading to personal records in home runs and runs batted in. Very tall (6 feet 4½ inches), he runs bases with deceptive speed, is one of few Pirates who will steal.

WILMER MIZELL. Born "out in the country a piece"—between Vinegar



HEARD FURIOUS DRIVE, CLEMENTE'S EXPLOSIVENESS MAKE GUYS EXCITING

Bend, Ala. and Leaksville, Miss.—Mizell has finally solved some of the control problems which blunted his great promise for years. Came to Pirates from Cardinals in late May, has since won 13, lost only five. Was called "the left-handed Dirty Dean" early in career ("That's a pretty heavy load for a boy to tote," says Vinegar Bend), but more closely resembles Preacher Roe: very friendly, with a warm smile. Scrambled out of a swimming hole to sign first baseball contract, insisted on throwing a few

itches, dripping wet, to show startled Card scout he hadn't lost his fast ball. Walks with what fans folks call "a two-barrow stride," found his greatest problem in Army was to march in ranks without stepping on somebody's heels up ahead. No longer has blazing fast ball but still throws hard with exaggerated motion in which he sticks big right foot into batter's face, brushes ground with knuckles of left hand; best pitch now, however, is slow curve which he can get over plate.

END

SKINNER'S EASY-NATURED HIT. BATTING SKILL PROVIDE STEADYING INFLUENCE





Irish Sport Is Happy Mayhem

WHAT COULD BE more exciting or excitable than an Irishman with a club? Answer: 30 Irishmen with 30 clubs—and a leather-covered ball. When it's like that, they call it hurling. It's the fastest field game in the world, and it's as near to war as you'd want to get. It's played on a huge (160 yards long, 90 yards wide) field with goals at each end and plenty of heads to bang in the middle.

There are 15 men (and they'd better be men) on a hurling team: a goalkeeper, six backs, two midfield men and six forwards. Each of them carries an ash stick called a *cusack* in Irish or a *hurley* in English. The object of the game is to hit the ball with the *cusack* over the other team's goal, as in football (one point) or into the other team's goal, as in hockey (three points). Beyond that, there are almost no rules to hurling and practically no quarter of any kind. In an hour-long game there is one 10-minute intermission.

Each September the two top teams meet in Dublin to club the ball and one another for the All-Ireland championship. This year 68,800 fans, including President De Valera himself, jammed into Croke Park to watch Tipperary take on Wexford. Since Tipperary is the center of hurling (down there time is reckoned by the interval between matches), no one gave Wexford much of a chance. But the boys from Wexford were unimpressed by Tipperary's great power. Far from palling, they scored in the first 20 seconds and took the lead. In the second half Tipperary made a desperate effort for victory, but Jimmy Doyle, brilliant right-half forward, got his head bashed in and had to leave the game. Wexford won, two goals and 15 points to Tipperary's 11. Mused proud Nick

continued

NO HEAD IS BROKEN as Tipperary Midfielder Theo Egan swings for ball in All-Ireland hurling final, but the man from Wexford playing opposite is taking no chances.



CELEBRATING VICTORY. jubilant Wexford supporters hoist Center Forward Paddy Kehoe aloft after hurling win. Kehoe always does extremely well against Tipperary.

O'Donnell, the Wexford captain: "We were a certainty to win after the first 10 minutes of the second half when the Tipp lads appeared to lose heart."

An ancient game, hurling is now ruled by the Gaelic Athletic Association, which has long served as a rallying point for Irish patriotism. The GAA bars its 300,000 members from playing (or even watching) such "foreign" games as Rugby and cricket, and in the days of "The Troubles" the hurling field was the birthplace of many an anti-British plot. The British forbade crowds in streets or halls but they couldn't stop 30 men from getting together on an open field for a bit of sport, and where Irishmen gathered, plots were hatched. In 1920, in reprisal for one plot, King George's hated Black-and-Tans went to a Gaelic football game at Croke Park and—the way they tell it there today—"murdered, yes murdered" 12



spectators and one player, Michael Hogan, the very man after whom this grandstand is named." That terrible day still lives in local memory as "Bloody Sunday."

Neither that Sunday nor the game of hurling, however, is much bloodier than another Irish game called bowls, or scores. Here the fan, not the player, is likely to suffer a cracked skull. In essence, bowls is a simple game. Two players throw a 28-ounce cast-iron ball over a two-mile course. The man who takes the least number of throws, usually around 30, wins. It so happens that bowls is illegal, but that's the result of one of those old English laws so no one pays any mind.

Each September the All-Ireland bowls final is played in Cork. The term All-Ireland is a bit of an exaggeration because practically no one outside of Cork plays bowls, but so

much's said



ROCK BOWLER Leharz flips iron ball through legs of confident fan who obligingly serves as a marker so his man can get proper spin to send ball around corner.

THE CODES (Westford 4, Tipperary 1) is posted in Gaelic for patriotic reasons but, since few can read it, most important announcements are made in English.





IRISH SPORT continued

matter. In former times, the course was set between two pubs. At this year's final, however, there wasn't a pub in sight when Johnny Creedon, 30, met Donal Lebane, 22, for the senior All-Ireland championship. The

temperance movement had caught up with bowls, and now, mourned one oldtimer, "The fun's gone out of it."

Even without spirits there was plenty of excitement at the halfway mark when Lebane began to catch up with his challenger. Then Creedon's ball missed the road. Lebane's backers claimed a dead throw, but the



officials ruled it a fair ball and Lehane didn't even bother to finish. "I'm the new champion," crowed Creedon after two more throws, and Lehane's supporters left in disgust. More than likely, only the temperance buttons on their coat lapels caused the crowd to leave things that way with no further argument at all. **END**

THROWING BODY ENGLISH Into the All-Ireland road bowl championship, Challenger Johnny Creedon sends iron ball hurtling down the road to victory as fans with temperance pins watch soberly.

THE DAY BOBBY HIT THE HOME RUN

It was October 3, 1951. The Giants had caught the Dodgers in the most exciting of pennant races. Then, in the final playoff, Bobby Thomson struck a blow that engraved the memory of that incredible day on a million minds

by **ROGER KAHN**

SOME days—they come rarely—are charged with public events so unexpected, so shocking, so far beyond the limits of belief, that the events are not really public at all. Their impact thrusts them into the private lives of millions of people, who forever after remember these events in personal terms.

Pearl Harbor day was like that. ("I was listening to the radio, a football game, when I heard about the bombing.") There was the day President Roosevelt died. ("I was riding the subway and the conductor told me. He was crying.") Such impinging days are not always tragic; one, in particular, was joyous and heroic for many people, though tragic for some. It was the day, in the most exciting of all baseball seasons, when Bobby Thomson hit his home run. . . .

The night before nearly everyone slept well. Bobby Thomson was troubled because he had struck out with the bases full, but after a steak dinner and a few beers, he relaxed. Ralph Branca fell asleep quickly. He had

pitched on Sunday, the last day of the regular season, and on Monday in the first game of the playoff. Tomorrow, October 3, 1951, would be Wednesday, and Branca did not expect that he would be called on to pitch again so soon.

Sam Maglie, who knew he was to start for the New York Giants, spent a comfortable night in his room at the Concourse Plaza Hotel. For all his intensity, Maglie had learned to control his nerves. So, to a degree, had Don Newcombe, who was to start for the Brooklyn Dodgers. "I can always sleep," Newcombe said, a little proudly. "I don't need to take pills like some guys do the night before they pitch."

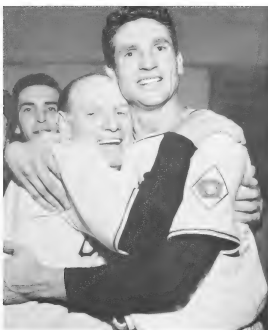
Charley Dressen, who managed the Dodgers, went out to an Italian restaurant called Rocco's and ate a dinner of clams, mussels, lobsters and spaghetti with hot sauce. A few people asked him how he felt about tomorrow's game and Dressen told them he wasn't worried. "Our ball club is ready," he said.

One man who did feel restlessness

was Andy Pafko, the Dodgers' new left fielder. The Dodgers had traded for Pafko at midseason, in a move the newspapers called pennant insurance, and Pafko, reading the papers, was impressed. Now he felt that the pennant was almost his personal responsibility. Lying in his room at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn, he thought of his wife, Ellen, in Chicago. He had sent her a ticket to New York so she could watch him play with the Dodgers in the World Series. Next year there would be time to find an apartment together in Brooklyn, but for the moment Andy Pafko was alone. Perhaps it was loneliness as much as pressure that depressed him.

Although New York City was bright with the quickening pace of autumn, none of the ballplayers went out on the town. Everywhere, harboring their energies, they went to bed at about 11 o'clock, and soon, everywhere, they slept.

There were two tough and gifted baseball teams. The Dodgers had been built around such sluggers as



WORLD'S HAPPIEST MAN on October 3, 1951 was Robert B. Thomson, third baseman for the New York Giants, and the world's second happiest was his manager Leo (The Lip) Durocher. Thomson's ninth-inning homer won the National League pennant for the Giants.

Duke Snider and Gil Hodges, and in Jackie Robinson they had the finest competitor in baseball. For months that year the Dodgers won big and won often. On the night of August 11 they had been in first place, a full 13 games ahead of the Giants, who were their closest competitors.

Under Leo Durocher the Giants were combative, strong in pitching and opportunistic, concentrated in themselves. Bobby Thomson, like the other Giants, knew none of the Dodgers socially; the teams did not fraternize. He thought that Gil Hodges was a pleasant man but that the rest of the Dodgers were unpleasant. This was a sermon Durocher had preached

repeatedly throughout the last months of the season until finally the ballplayers came unquestioningly to believe their manager.

Durocher's Giants, jelling slowly, spent some of May in last place. It was only when Willie Mays was called up from Minneapolis and Thomson became the regular third baseman that the team began to show fire. Then, from August 11 on, the Giants blazed, winning 37 games and losing only seven under demanding, unrelenting pressure.

The Dodgers, playing .500 ball as some of their sluggers slumped, were nonetheless uncatchable by all the traditions of baseball. But the Giants,

establishing a new tradition, caught the uncatchable, forced them into a playoff and won the first game 3-1, defeating Ralph Branca at Ebbets Field. Then Clem Labine, a Dodger rookie, shut out the Giants at the Polo Grounds. The score was 10-0, but the game was close for some time and seemed to turn when Thomson, with bases full, struck out on a 3-and-2 pitch, a jumping curve that hooked wide of the plate.

No one expected the deciding game of the playoff to be easy, but so one, not Thomson, or Branca, or Durocher, or Dessen, felt any dramatic foreshadowing of what was ahead. The

continued

game would be tense, but they'd all been tense lately. That was all. It was against this background of tension, which the players accepted as a part of life, that everyone slept the night before.

Robert B. Thomson, brown-haired, tall and swift, said goodbye to his mother a little before 10 a.m. and drove his blue Mercury to the Staten Island Ferry. The Thomsons lived on Flagg Place in New Dorp, once an independent village, now a community within the borough of Richmond.

was warm enough—in the high 60s—but the crowd, waiting for the gates of the Polo Grounds bleachers to open, was smaller than the one which had waited in bright sunshine the day before.

Most of the players arrived by car, but Andrew Palke came by subway, an hour's ride from downtown Brooklyn. "I'll beat the crowd," he decided, "so there's no sense wasting money on a cab." The crowd, it was to develop, was scarcely worth beating; 34,320, some 15,000 under standing-room capacity.

As a ball park, the Polo Grounds

the fence in center field was 485 feet out. The pitching rule was simply to make the batter hit to center, where distance didn't matter. The outfielding rule was to crowd the middle. The right and left fielders conceded drives down the line and tried to prevent hits from carrying into the deep alleys in left and right center. At the Polo Grounds, outfielders stood in a tightly bunched row, all seemingly about the same distance from home plate.

Back of center field stood as ugly green building which contained the clubhouse, a dining room for the press and an apartment for Horace Stoneham, the Giants' owner. Since both Durocher and Dreesen believed in intensive managing, each team was gathered for a meeting in that green building shortly before noon. The announced purpose was to review hitters, although the two teams had played each other 24 times previously that season and there was nothing fresh or new to say about anyone.

"Jam Mueller on the bats," Dreesen told Don Newcombe. "Keep the ball low and away to Thomson. Don't let him pull it." Dreesen concluded, with more warmth than he customarily displayed: "Look, I know it's tough to have to play this game, but remember we did our best all year. So today, let's just go out and do the best we can."

"Don't give Hodges anything inside," Durocher told Muehle. Then, later: "We haven't quit all year."

We won't quit now. Let's go get 'em."

During batting practice Branca was standing near the cage with Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Robinson. "You guys get butterflies?" a reporter asked.

"No matter how long you been playing, you still get butterflies before the big ones," Reese said. Robinson laughed and Branca nodded solemnly. Ralph's long face, in repose, was sad or, perhaps, deadpan. One never knew whether he was troubled by what was around him or whether he was about to laugh.

The game began badly for the Giants.

continued



HISTORIC BLOW (ABOVE) CAME IN NINTH, LEFT FANS STUNNED, PAFKO (LOWER RIGHT) FORLORN

As he drove, Thomson thought about the game. "If I can just get 3 for 4," he mused, "then the old Jints will be all right." The thought comforted him. He'd been hitting well, and 3 for 4 seemed a reasonable goal.

Ralph T. Branca, black-haired, tall and heavy-limbed, said goodby to his mother in suburban Mount Vernon, N.Y., the town where he had grown up, and drove off in his new Oldsmobile. He felt a little stiff from all his recent pitching. It would take him a long time to warm up, should Dreesen need him in relief.

It was a gray day, darkened with the threat of rain. The temperature

was unique; oddly shaped and with clubhouses 600 feet from the dugouts. It was, actually, a football horseshoe and as such made strange demands upon pitchers. The foul line is right field ran only 250 feet until it reached the lower deck of the grandstands. The left-field line ran slightly longer, but in left a scoreboard was fixed to the facade of the upper deck, a facade that extended several yards closer to the plate than did the lower stands. A short fly, drifting down toward a fielder, could become a home run merely by grazing that projecting scoreboard.

Both walls fell away sharply, and



How to bowl over 200—game after game after game

FREE booklet by "Woman Bowler Of The Year" tells you how

Sylvia Wene, America's Woman Bowler of the Year, bowled a perfect 300 game in two tournaments this year, and has averaged over 200 for a whole season. Now she has written a 32-page booklet that tells you how to do it. It's called *Equitable Lucites You To Improve Your Bowling*. And it's yours absolutely free. Simply mail in the coupon at the right.

Miss Wene believes that top bowling is based on only a few main points. All you have to do is know

them and practice them. In this booklet she carefully explains what these points are. And illustrates each one.

It shows you what to do about stance. Grip. Pushway. Approach. Attitude. Aim. Spares. And more. This new booklet is bound to help you. It is produced in the interest of physical fitness by Equitable, the company famous for Living Insurance—with benefits for the living... for better living. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United

States. Home Office: 393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. 0140

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States
Box 1170, General Post Office
New York 5, N. Y.

Please send me Sylvia Wene's 32-page booklet: *Equitable Lucites You To Improve Your Bowling*.

Name
Address
City State
County Zip

Will Honest Tailoring Triumph?

*I*t sometimes happens that a suit which looks in the real store like the apple of a man's eye, turns out to be a lemon when he gets it home. What makes for trouble is that some manufacturers just can't cut a bolt of cloth without cutting corners. The point where you find this out, unfortunately, is usually the point of no return. Reuse? They're safe and you're sorry.

Not, but not for us. We figure if crime doesn't pay, little crimes pay even less. Therefore, 'Botany' 500 tailored by Daroff suits are all tailored with scrupulous honesty; all carry our own label. If that idea appeals to you, the clothes we make probably will, too. The sport coat and slacks (as shown here) are \$39.95 and \$17.95 respectively, and come from a new group of natural shoulder 'Botany' 500 tailored by Daroff clothes.



'BOTANY' 500®
tailored by DAROFF

© 1979 THE NEW YORK TIMES CO.
BY BARBARA K. SHAW. PHOTOGRAPH BY NANCY S. H. H.
Printed in the U.S.A. by the New York Times Co.

THOMSON'S HOMER (continued)

Sail Maglie, who had won 25 games and beaten the Dodgers five times that season, walked Reese and Duke Seider in the first inning. Jackie Robinson came up and lined Maglie's first pitch safely into left field for a single. Reese scored, and the Dodgers were ahead 3-0.

Newcombe was fast but not untouchable, and in the second inning Leekman reached him for a single. Thomson followed with a sharp drive to left, his first hit, and briefly the Giants seemed to be rallying. But very briefly. Running with his head down, Thomson charged past first base and had almost reached second before he noticed that Leekman had stopped there. Thomson was tagged out in a rundown, an embarrassing end to the threat.

When the day grew darker and the lights were turned on in the third inning began, the ball park buzzed with countless versions of a joke: "Well, now maybe Thomson will be able to see what he's doing."

During the fifth Thomson doubled, his second hit, and Branca began to throw. Newcombe pitched out of the inning easily, but Branca threw a little longer. He wasn't snapping curves or firing fast balls. He was just working to loosen his arm, shoulder and back.

Branca threw again during the sixth inning, and when Monte Irvin doubled to left in the seventh, Branca began to throw hard. He felt loose by then. His fast ball was alive. Carl Erskine, warming up next to him, was bouncing his curve, but Branca had good control and good stuff.

With Irvin at second, Lockman pushed a bunt in front of the plate, and Rube Walker, the Dodger catcher, grabbed the ball and threw to Billy Cox at third. Irvin beat the throw, and now Thomson came to bat with the tying run at third base late in a 1-0 ball game.

Bearing down, Newcombe threw only strikes. After two, Thomson fouled off a fast ball. Then he hit another fast ball deep into center field, and Irvin scored easily after the catch. As the eighth inning began, the score was 1-1.

"I got nothing left, nothing," Newcombe announced as he walked into the Dodger dugout. Jackie Robinson and Ray Campanella, who was not playing that day because he had pulled a thigh muscle, took Newcombe aside.

"My arm's tight," Newcombe said. "Obsecnity," Robinson replied. "You go out there and pitch until your obsecnary arm falls off."

"Reemio," Campanella said, "you ain't gonna quit on us now. You

(continued)



AFTER SKIPPING ROUND THE BASES, THOMSON CAME HOME TO HYSTERICAL WELCOME



Just sit back and be a guest at your own color-slide show!

CHANGES SLIDES BY ITSELF!

New Kodak Cavalcade Projector is fully automatic!

You'll never know how smooth, how expert shows can be—until you start using this projector.

All you do is turn it on, and the Kodak Cavalcade Projector changes up to 40 slides in sequence—quickly, automatically—at intervals of 4, 8, or 16 seconds. You relax and enjoy the show as much as your guests do!

There's no "dark period" between slides. They change almost in the wink of an eye. You can instantly lift out and replace any slide. A "shadow arrow" points out details on the screen. Controls let you repeat, hold, or skip any slide—or change slides manually even from across the room. And

steel guards protect each slide individually.

See the Kodak Cavalcade Projector at your Kodak dealer's. Model 520, $f/3.5$ lens, list price under \$110, or as little as \$11 down at many dealers'. Model 510, with $f/2.8$ lens for extra brilliance, under \$140, or as little as \$14 down.

Prices are list, include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice.

Electric-eye 35mm camera—sets itself!



New Kodak Automatic 35 Camera adjusts its own lens for picture-perfect exposures. List price under \$95, or as little as \$9 down.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "GZDI AND HARRIET"

Kodak
KODAK



GUARANTEED TO GO THRU ICE, MUD OR SNOW OR WE PAY THE TOW!

Firestone

Town & Country Tires--

unmatched for whine-free, dry pavement mileage too!

Only Firestone gives you this guarantee
plus Triple-Action Traction!

PULLING action! **NON-SKID** action! **SELF-CLEANING** action! That's everything you need for trouble-free going in the worst winter conditions. And that's just what you get with Firestone's famous Town and Country tires.

They'll bring you extra miles of dry-pavement driving, too. They're built with Firestone Rubber-X, the longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. They're available in tubeless or tube type with Firestone Safety-Fortified nylon or rayon cord, all-black or white sidewalls, and in all sizes for American and imported cars.

Firestone Town and Country tires are specially tested and proved under all hazards of winter driving! They're guaranteed to go through ice, mud or snow or your Firestone Dealer or Store refunds your towing charge!



Copyright 1965, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

FIRESTONE HAS EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO WINTERIZE YOUR CAR



Avoid starting worries this winter by installing a new Firestone 1614-bmp battery. They're always fresh because overproducing acid is not added until battery is installed.



Get quick starting and save your battery this winter by installing a set of Firestone 1614 Spark Plugs in your car at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



Don't let the fast cold snap catch you unprepared. Protect your car radiator with Firestone Radiator Antifreeze, or keep better Firestone Engine Oil.



Good brakes are vital to safe, confident winter driving. Firestone Shocked the Brake Lining and you've got dependable stopping on any roads, in any weather all the year round.



Before you tag automobiles in your car, be sure to install new Firestone Shocked the Brake Lining. And don't forget to have your Firestone Dealer or Store put on a new Firestone Gas Bell.



Start the winter right by having your radiator flushed with Firestone Ready Cooling System Flush. And be sure to get a new Firestone Oil Filter to protect your engine.



Do you know why the Seagram Martini is so incredibly dry?

Time. The time it took to discover Seagram's method of making a gin so much drier. And the time it takes to go through Seagram's exclusive 101 years of experience proc-

extra step to extra dryness. Did we say that Seagram's gin is extra dry? These modest words do small justice to the crisp, crackling, throat-tingling Time works wonders for Seagram's Extra-Dry Gin

joy that you experience in an extra dry Seagram Martini. Sip one sometime soon. But don't put it off too long—this gin has waited long enough!

gonna have that pea for us, roomie."

While the two built a fire under Newcombe, other Dodgers were making the inning miserable for both Maglie and Thomson. Reese and Snider opened with singles to right, and when Maglie threw a curve in the dirt and past Wes Westrum, Reese scored and Snider sped to third. Then Maglie walked Robinson, and the Dodgers, ahead 2-1, once again had runners at first and third.

Pafko pulled a bounding ball up the third-base line and Thomson, breaking nicely, reached backhand for it. The play required a delicate touch; the ball glanced off the heel of Thomson's glove and skidded away from him. Snider scored, making it 3-1 Brooklyn, and Pafko was credited with a single. Then Billy Cox followed with a fierce one-hopper, again to Thomson's sector.

One thought—"Get in front of it!"—crossed Thomson's mind. He did, lunging recklessly. There were other times at third when Thomson had thought of hard smashes coming up and hitting him in the face. This time he didn't. He thought only of blocking the ball with his glove, his arm, his chest. But the ball bounced high and carried over his shoulder into left field. The Dodgers had their third run of the inning and a 4-1 lead.

Newcombe blazed through the eighth, his arm no longer tight, and Larry Jansen retired the Dodgers in the ninth. "Come on," Durocher shouted as the last of the ninth began. "We can still get 'em. Come on."

Newcombe threw two quick strikes to Alvin Dark. "Got to get my bat on the ball," Dark thought. "Just get my bat on it."

Newcombe threw again, and Dark rapped a bouncer into the hole in the right side of the infield. Both Hodges and Robinson broke for the ball and Newcombe ran to cover first base. Hodges, straining, touched the ball with the tip of his mitt and deflected it away from Robinson. Perhaps if he had not touched it Robinson could have made the play. As it was, Dark reached first on a single.

It was then that Dossan made a curious decision. He let Hodges hold the bag on Dark, as though Dark as a base-runner were important. Actually, of course, Dark could have stolen

continued



INTERNATIONALLY, The Famous English Slacks

DAKS

A veteran traveller recently observed: "When you reach the place where Daks trousers are not worn you have left civilization behind." • True. The world over, correctly dressed men who know the quality of British woollens and the fit of London tailoring wear Daks trousers for walking shorts. Daks are imitated but can not be equalled. • Become a Daks collector (Daks jackets, too). At fine stores from coast to coast or write Simpson Imports, Inc. 9 East 37th Street, New York 16, Dept. SI.

Tailored by S. Simpson, Ltd., London, England



Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat

NEW SWEET! You'll welcome this recent arrival from France, the new Noilly Prat Sweet Vermouth! Somewhat less sweet than most sweet vermouths, it makes a wonderful difference in your Manhattans. Try sipping it solo, too. On-the-rocks, it's delicious! By the makers of famous Noilly Prat Extra Dry French Vermouth.

BROWNE WINNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



THOMSON'S HOMER *continued*

second, third and home without affecting the game. The Giants needed three runs to tie, not one, and the Dodgers needed only outs.

Don Mueller, up next, quickly bounced a single through the right side—close to Hodges' normal fielding depth—and the Giants had runners at first and third. All around the Polo Grounds people stood up, but not to leave.

With Monte Irvin coming to bat, Dessen walked to the mound. Branca and Eskin were throwing in the bullpen, and Clyde Siskath, the bullpen coach, had told Dessen that Branca was fast and loose. But on the way to the mound the Dodger manager thought about catching, not pitching.

The right thing

Campanella had a way with Newcombe. He knew how to needle the big pitcher to fury, and this fury added speed to Newcombe's fast ball. Walking to the mound, Dessen wondered about replacing Rube Walker with Campanella. There was only one drawback. Foul territory at the Polo Grounds was extensive. A rodeo, billed as colossal, was once staged entirely in the foul area there. Campanella, with his bad leg, could catch, but he could not run after foul pops. Dessen thought of Hodges and Cox, both sure-handed, both agile. They could cover for Campanella to some extent. But there was all that area directly behind home plate where no one would be able to help Cammy at all. Dessen thought of a foul pop landing safely, and he thought of the newspapers the next day. The second-guessing would be fierce, and he didn't want that. No, Dessen decided, it wouldn't be worth that. He charted with Newcombe for a moment and went back to the dugout. When Irvin fouled out to Hodges, Dessen decided that he had done the right thing.

Then Newcombe threw an outside fast ball to Whitey Lockman, and Lockman doubled to left. Dark scored, making it 4-2, but Mueller, in easily at third, slid badly and twisted his ankle. He could neither rise nor walk. Clint Hartung went in to run for him, and action was suspended while Mueller, on a stretcher, was carried to the distant Giant clubhouse.

continued



Fiat prices start as low as \$1998 at port of entry, New York. The Fiat 500 shown is priced at \$2098 p.d.e. 18 models to choose from, sales and service everywhere in the U.S. & Canada.

2 GALLONS. ALL WEEK. ONLY 62¢*

The average housewife can drive the Fiat 500 all week for less than a dime a day. It delivers a consistent 40 miles to the gallon of regular gas, takes you where you want to go for less than a penny a mile.

You'd never guess it, but you save a bundle of money on initial price, too. The Fiat 500 is priced over \$200 less than comparable models of the two leading French and German imports.

Another bonus. Included in Fiat's low price are all these extras: Whitewall tires. Heater. Electric windshield wipers. Windshield washers. Turn signals. Leatherette interiors. And even convenient rear seats that fold down.

One word of caution. If you think Fiat's small size makes it a Mickey Mouse in the performance department, you're in for one big surprise. Inch for inch and pound for pound, it's the goingest little bomb on four wheels. Cruises all day at a comfortable 60.

No matter how you measure a car—on price and economy or comfort and performance—Fiat gives you a real run for your money, a lot that makes driving fun again. When you stop to think about it, what more could anyone ask?

*Average national price for a gallon of regular gas is 30.9 cents, according to the American Petroleum Institute.



CARRIES YOU IN STYLE FOR

LESS THAN A PENNY A MILE

Fiat Motor Co., Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York. • For fastest delivery or rental: see your nearest Fiat Dealer, travel agent or write to the Fiat Motor Company.

ALLIGATOR...the coat you'll live in anywhere, any weather

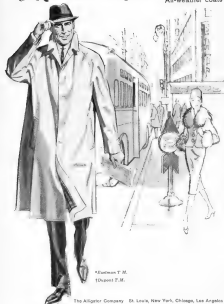
Wherever you find people, you'll find Alligator—America's most wanted coats! Alligator gives you the protection you need—the widest choice in fabric, fit and fashion you want. All wool worsted gabardines, smart fancy wools, colorful finest yarn-dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns, Kodol® polyester blends, Dacron® polyester blends—Dacron waterproofs, too. Unbeatable values, \$11.95 to \$70.75. At better stores.

BELOW: the STORMWIND®. Fine cotton poplin tightly woven of selected combed yarns. Alligator's dependable, durable water repellent. \$26.95. With zip-in wool warmer, \$35.95. Plaid lined, illustrated, \$19.95. From the best news in all-weather coats and rainwear...



Alligator

All-weather coats



*Eastman T.M.
©1968 T.M.

The Alligator Company St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

THOMSON'S HOMER continued

"Branca's ready," Clyde Sukerforth told Charley Dressen on the intercom that ran from dugout to bullpen.

"O.K.," Dressen said. "I want him."

Branca felt strong and loose as he started his long walk in from the bullpen. At that moment he had only one thought. Thomson was the next batter, and he wanted to get ahead of Thomson. Branca never pitched in rigid patterns. He adjusted himself to changing situations, and his thought now was simply to get his first pitch over the plate with something on it.

Coming into the infield, he remembered the pregame conversation with the newspaperman. "Any butterflies?" he said to Robinson and Reese. They grinned, but not very widely.

At the mound, Dressen handed Branca the ball and said: "Get him out." Without another word the manager turned and walked back to the dugout.

Watching Branca take his eight warmup pitches, Thomson thought of his own goal. He had two hits. Another now would give him his 5 for 4. It would also tie the score.

"Boy," Darocher said to Thomson, "If you ever hit one, hit one now." Thomson nodded but said nothing. Then he stepped up to the plate.

Branca's first pitch was a fast ball, hip-high over the inside corner. "Should have swung at that," Thomson told himself, backing out of the box.

"I got my strike," thought Branca. Now it was time to come up and in with a fast ball. Now it was time for a bad pitch that might tempt Thomson to waste a swing. If he went for the bad ball, chances were he'd miss. If he took it, Branca would still be ready to come back with a curve, low and away. Branca was moving the ball around, a basic point when pitching to good hitters.

The pitch came in high and tight, just where Branca had wanted it. Thomson swung hard and the ball sailed out toward left.

"Get down, get down," screamed Billy Cox as the line drive carried high over his head.

"I got a chance at it," thought Andy Pafko, belting back toward the wall.

continued

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



Illustration by John McElroy

For more genuine pleasure...
enjoy life with Miller High Life...
the finest label on bar or table.

BREWED IN THE GREAT TRADITION...

ONLY BY MILLER... AND ONLY IN MILWAUKEE.



©Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



J: *"Honourable Houseboy and I are giving the heave-ho to*
WORUMBO CROSSLAND *makes last year's topcoat look*
going to go like 60, you've got to look like The Sixties. Wh
new plaids, new colors, new Soft Touch. F: *The financing?*

Joseph & Bonifazi tailors Crossland with the know-how of 119 years' experience as a men's tailor. A, left, wears the new Landon \$65, with sliver liner, \$75.



every old topcoat in my closet. **F:** Explain? **J:** The new
like...well, like last year. **F:** You're daft! **J:** If you're
Crossland does for you in that department: new checks,
Loan company loses out...you part with a painless **\$65.**"

ght, wears the gentlemanly Madison, \$65 (slightly higher on the West Coast). At the best stores, Joseph & Fein, P.O. Box 47968, Cleveland, Ohio.

JUSTERINI
& BROOKS



Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks, purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer to every corner of the world. Try superb J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

J&B

RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

"World's Finest" Imported by The Pennington Corp., 6, 7, 25 - 26 Foul



*Twines more in cost
World apart in quality*



Then the ball was gone, under the overhanging scoreboard, over the high wall, gone deep into the seats in lower left. For seconds, which seemed like minutes, the crowd sat dumb. Then came the roar. It was a roar matched all across the country, wherever people sat at radio or television sets, a roar of delight, a roar of horror, but mostly a roar of utter shock. It was a moment when all the country roared and when an office worker in a tall building in Wall Street, hearing a cry rise all about her, wondered if war had been declared.

As the ball sailed into the stands, Thomson danced around the bases, skipping and leaping. The Giants crowded from their dugout to home plate. Ed Stanky, the second baseman, ran to Durocher, jumped on the manager's back, wrestled him to the ground and hugged him.

"It can't be!"

In left, Pafko stood stunned. Then he started to walk slowly toward the clubhouse, telling himself over and over: "It can't be." Most of the Dodgers were walking before Thomson reached second base, but Jackie Robinson held his ground. He wanted to make sure that Thomson touched all bases before conceding that the Giants had won, 8-4, before conceding that the pennant race was over.

Clyde Sukeforth gathered gear in the bullpen, and nearby Carl Erskine turned to Glen Labine. "That's the first time I've ever seen a big fat wallet go flying into the seats," Erskine said.

As Thomson touched home plate, the Giants lifted him to their shoulders. Then, inexplicably, they lowered him, and everyone ran for the clubhouse. Champagne was waiting. "Gee whiz," Thomson said. "Gee whiz."

Wes Westrum and Clint Hartung grabbed Ed Stanky, who liked to boast that he had never been drunk, and pinned him to a rubbing table. Westrum poured champagne into Stanky's mouth. "You're gonna get drunk now," he shouted. Westrum turned to the rubbing table, where Mueller lay, ice packs at his ankle. "Hey, Don," he shouted and emptied a magnum over the injured leg.

continued

New broad shouldered look

This bold fountain pen fits a man's hand and a man's way of writing. Feels solid and comfortable in your grip... writes easy, fills clean and quick, the exclusive Snorkel Pen way. Distinctive, hand-ground, inlaid point. Eight point styles, choice of models and colors. Sets \$14.95 to \$35, pens \$10 to \$25. Just say "PFM—Pen For Men."



SHEAFFER'S

©1969, W. A. SHEAFFER & CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN. (SHEAFFER PEN & MARKETING CO.)



"18' Sports Runabout



"27" FlagShip Deluxe Express



"27" Deluxe Sea Skiff Express

"35" Express Yacht



See these boats at your OWENS dealer

65

SEE THE BOATS THAT TOOK 65 YEARS TO BUILD

OWENS is synonymous with value born of experience. Through years of specialized design and dedicated manufacturing the name OWENS has become identified with Advanced Styling, Top Performance and Longer Life (high resale value) Construction. From the beginning, in 1896, when Charles Councilman Owens built his first boat, and for 65 years thereafter, OWENS advanced manufacturing techniques and dedicated craftsmanship have consistently offered the public quality and the most boat for their money, without sacrificing the performance demanded by discriminating boatmen. After 65 years, OWENS today offers the safest, smartest, smoothest boats in its history. Today OWENS leads the industry in giving you the greatest boating satisfaction and pleasure. There is no substitute for experience.



OWENS today offers the safest, smartest, smoothest boats in the industry. One look at the sleek new models for 1963; one step aboard these quality-made beauties and you're sure to agree that you, the boating enthusiast, are the one benefiting most from OWENS' 65 years of boat building. Visit your OWENS dealer and see for yourself why there is no substitute for experience!


QUALITY

NEW, USED, RENTALS
NOT QUOTE AND SO



OWENS YACHT COMPANY, BALTIMORE 22, MARYLAND, DIVISION OF BRUNSWICK CORPORATION



BEST HUNTING IN A BAD YEAR

TO DUCK HUNTERS across the nation, the birds above, silhouetted by the fading moon, are a symbol of the opening of the 1960 waterfowl season. This year, in a few fine marshlands, such as those at Stuttgart, Ark., shown on the following pages, a handful of gunners will enjoy duck hunting at its best. Elsewhere in the U.S., despite a slight increase in the numbers of ducks and geese heading south from the breeding grounds, the quality of hunting has deteriorated alarmingly. On the pages following these photographs Duck Biologist Albert Hochbaum discloses some shocking examples of state-supervised waterfowling, and offers a radical program for protecting the future of the sport.







Hopefully calling into the early morning sky, a Stutzport insurance broker, Lowell Smith, stands knee-deep in a pine-needle swamp as he tries to bring a flock of circling mallards to his spread of decoys in the Lost Island Reservoir area.

Exploding from water, mallard drake makes a spray-barrel target. In Stutzport bayou ducks half themselves upward vertically until clear of trees. Hunters have only an instant to fire before the birds disappear in upper branches.



A mallard held gently in its mouth, a Labrador retriever picks the deliberate way our slippery dog. Gun dogs like this one help to conserve the duck population by retrieving crippled and innocent birds which otherwise would be lost.

BIG BROTHER, GO HOME!

by ALBERT HOCHBAUM

Director of the Delta Waterfowl Research Station in Manitoba since 1935 and a lifetime duck hunter, Albert Hochbaum has seen waterfowl hunting change from a sport for individuals into a massed assault by herds of gunners shooting on public land. Here he calls for government to get its big webbed feet out of the duck blinds and to concentrate, instead, on developing some sensible shooting laws

WHEN THE WILDFOWL come swinging down their ancient flyways this month, a few will be met by isolated gunners—on a New England beaver pond, an Arkansas hayou, a western ranch. But mostly the birds will be greeted by platoons of hunters who flock to public shooting grounds, some waiting in line for as long as 24 hours to get a blind. On these crowded marshes gunning has become less than a sport. The wildfowl no longer hold their place of dignity, nor is one man able to honor the prior rights of another and still hope to get a bird himself. Cars park close to the blinds, and among the reeds 30 or 40 men may be stationed where there is room for only three or four.

These public shooting reserves, with their mobs of trigger-happy hunters, are becoming more and more heavily used. Marshes on private land, which used to support a great many hunters, are being drained at a rapid pace, often at public expense. In many wetland regions once lush with game—for example, Jackson and Nobles counties in Minnesota—the only chase lines left are on state land.

Crowding on the public marshes is made more acute by conservation departments and other agencies which build all-weather roads to the shooting areas and carve out huge gravel parking places. Indeed, in an Indiana state reserve the modern wildfowler can be escorted to his blind in a state vehicle, while in Missouri he finds his way in the predawn with the help of reflecting signs.

Some states lend decoys, others rent them out. Retrieving dogs are encouraged in Indiana, banned in Missouri. Often there is a long printed list of dos and don'ts handed to each man as he heads out

into the marsh: "Hunters must remain in their blinds; if they depart, they cannot return. . . . Other types of hunting shall not be permitted," etc., etc.

At Missouri's Swan Lake Refuge the grounds manager gives a predawn speech, which has been preceded, on occasion, by a recording of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The hunters come stiffly to attention until the last note.

Once dawn has brought the morning flight, there is often a Big Brother overlooking the blinds. One such official uses a public-address system.

"Blind No. 6, Blind No. 6," the voice blares across the marsh, "you are shooting too high. Correct for distance or depart." But Big Brother is not such a bad chap, despite his threats. Now and again he gives such helpful advice as, "Blind No. 6 4E, get down! Birds coming in on your left."

Public goose grounds are often surrounded by private farmlands where shooting is on a rental basis. On good days there may be several teams awaiting their turn; as one group takes a limit, another steps in. Thus the geese, besides being shot at over state land, must also run a gauntlet of privately sponsored gunfire.

Nose but the most careless bird comes within fair range of these barrages, and wild, long-distance shooting is the rule. On one Missouri shooting grounds two hunters required 288 shells to take their eight ducks—26 shots a bird. At Wisconsin's Horicon Marsh during the years 1963-1967, 23 shots were fired for every goose brought to bag. The State of Michigan recently published a table of statistics on its Swan Creek Public Shooting Area giving a

continued

WEAR IT...
AND HE'LL SAY

Oh
la
la

PARIS IN A PERFUME
...TOO WONDERFUL
FOR WORDS!



OH LA LA Perfume, \$45.00 to \$7.00
Perfume Mist, Eau de Parfum,
Eau de Parfum Mist Concentrate,
Body Powder, each \$5.00, plus tax.

PARFUMS

CIRO

DUCK HUNTING *continued*

five-year average of 68 shells for every goose, with a high of 84 shots per goose in 1953.

Such carelessness inevitably means crippling. At Horicon in 1953 the number of crippled geese was counted at 1,100. These birds, mortally injured but still able to fly far enough to become lost to the hunters, represented the total offspring of about 250 breeding pairs, which had required perhaps 100 square miles of pristine nesting range. In terms of everyday economy, the waste was better than three tons of meat. The

otherwise, or else some hunters, on the pretext of retrieving a cripple, would stir resting birds to flight.

As one means of cutting down on the terrible crippling, the manager of a state-supervised shooting ground in Indiana has suggested a limit of six shots per day per man. However, state restrictions on the number of shells in public blinds are not yet popular. One typical gunner said in rebuttal to the idea of a shell limit, "When I go shooting, I like to shoot."

In order to make doubly sure that he gets plenty of shooting, this new type of American sportsman sometimes brings Grandma along, and



DEPLOYING ALONG EDGE OF WISCONSIN'S HORICON MARSH, RECRUITMENT OF HUNTERS

U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has just published an estimate of the 1958 goose kill for the country as a whole, showing a cripple loss of 145,000 birds, more than 500 tons of meat and an immeasurable agony for the wounded birds.

Most public goose-shooting reserves have an inner boundary area, a "retrieve line," usually delineated by a wire fence. When a wounded goose falls behind this barrier, the hunter is not allowed to seek it out and put it to its merciful end. Refuge managers realize this is cruel and wasteful; but on these mass-production shooting ranges it could not be

then shoots her limit as well as his own. One live wire brought his kids on repeated trips, each time under a different name, taking several limits in a season.

The plain fact is that while it may be easy to set up duck hunting facilities and to establish rules, it is next to impossible to control the behavior of people shooting under public auspices. Dan Sauls, assistant director of Missouri's Conservation Commission, agrees that hunting standards decline on public ranges. "A lot of money being spent by wildlife agencies today," he says, "goes to provide easier opportunities for gurning

—which must inevitably concede quality for quantity. . . . The money was provided by people who wanted ease of recreation and did not consider it of lesser value thereby."

A conservation officer for the State of Indiana suggested recently that it might be better for both birds and men if each predawn applicant at refuge headquarters simply was given a packaged duck or goose instead of a ticket and a free ride to the public blind.

Besides being slowly suffocated by the embrace of Big Brother in the duck blind, wildfowlers bath on and off the public refuge are harassed by



PREPARED FOR LIFE IN A WETLAND WARDEN

gunning laws that often are impossible to obey. For example, this year the canvasback and redhead are completely protected in the United States and only one "mistake bird" of either species is allowed in Canada. And yet in both countries gunners are permitted to shoot over areas where these birds, in their drab juvenile plumages, come and go with other ducks, flying against bright morning or evening light. In such situations even a trained biologist might err in identification. As for the average hunter, in a series of tests now being conducted at the Delta Waterfowl

continued



GREAT GOING NO MATTER WHAT THE WEATHER...in Beacon, the pile lived Ryd Cloth jacket. Smartly rib knit trimmed. Tau, anisole and olive. Sizes 36 to 48. \$27.95. So handsome in this famous Antarctic tested Zelex-treated all combed cotton by Reeves Brothers, Inc., N. Y.—one of America's leading fabric manufacturers. At Bloomingdale, New York and all stores or write Carlson & Ferguson, St. Paul 1, Minn.

REEVES fabrics



now-a low cost **WALKIE-TALKIE** for everyone, everywhere

- Talk & listen to persons up to a mile away
- As easy to use as a telephone—just push a button
- Completely portable—hold it in the palm of your hand
- No tests, licenses, or age limits
- Handsome in aluminum and black simulated leather
- Buy it in easy-to-build kit form or factory assembled



The Heathkit Walkie-Talker is perfect outdoor doors for boating, fishing, racing or weather-jobs . . . in offices and factories as a "walkie-intercom" . . . at home for calling the children, or neighborhood chit-chat . . . you'll find dozens of new uses for it everyday! Order yours now!

SPECIAL FEATURES: The Atomixator circuit features a first-class super-regenerative receiver with its inherent noise-freeing properties. The crystal-controlled transmitter uses maximum allowable output and optimum efficiency for strong signals. One battery lasts up to 75 hours. Shoulder strap provided for convenient carrying. Also meets FCC requirements for licensed use with Class D Citizen's Band stations if desired. Specify crystal channel number if you have a preference. 3 lbs.

Kit Only
\$32.95
ea.

\$64.95 a pair
Factory
Assembled
\$50.95 ea.
\$99.95 a pr.

HEATH COMPANY
Benton Harbor 63, Michigan

- ☐ Send a Walkie-Talkie Kit (check a two-kit order)
- ☐ I am a dealer or distributor
- ☐ I am a reseller or retailer
- ☐ I am a wholesaler or distributor
- ☐ I am a manufacturer or distributor
- ☐ I am a distributor or wholesaler

HEATHKIT'S **RECEIVING**

Model No. H-1000

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



Take it from

Frank Gifford

sportsman and star pro halfback

"Waterproof boots of SYL-MER treated leather really keep your feet dry!"

"I've learned a leather boot can't be waterproof without two things:

1. SYL-MER® treatment for water repellency plus free-breathing comfort, and
2. Watertight construction with all seams sealed against leakage."

To be sure your feet stay dry while hunting or on the job, insist on boots with the SYL-MER tag. It's your assurance that the manufacturer has taken special care to make the boot truly waterproof. It also means the leather will stay soft and flexible, even after repeated wettings.

DOM CORNING CORPORATION, MIDLAND, MICHIGAN.

• T. M. Dow Corning Corporation



Water-tight! Feather-light!

WOLVERINE

Leather Boots

Soft, supple, SYL-MER tanned. Water-tight in leather boots can be. Lighter than ordinary boots for all-day comfort. Made in 4 widths to insure you exact fit.

Wellington Style, around \$50.
6-Inch Boot, around \$45.



For name of nearest retailer, write Wolverine Shoe & Tanning Corporation, Rockford, Michigan

DUCK HUNTING continued

Research Station in Manitoba, the first 40 gunners encountered this season could not identify a canvasback or a redhead when the five birds were within 10 yards.

These are not the only species which hunters do not recognize as protected. On the central prairies the shooting of whistling swans is not uncommon, while farther west there is evidence that the trumpeter swan is under considerable gun pressure. At almost every marsh after opening day probes, gulls, pelicans and other nongame birds drift to the shoreline in rumpled clumps of feathers.

The unenforceable laws that beget the killing of protected birds also lead to disregard for game regulations in general. In many areas where ducks are plentiful, bag limits on legal birds are blatantly ignored. For example, on northern waters in the early season hunters will often shoot dozens of birds in one day but pick up only their legal limit.

TARGET PRACTICE

F. H. Davis, a Mississippi Valley regional supervisor of management and enforcement for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, says, "We have seen the results of early-season hunting where blue-winged teal and other less desirable species were available in quantity. They were killed promiscuously and left to rot. Or they were picked over, hunters taking only the larger, choicer birds after completing the day's shooting."

In Canada and in the northern U.S., marshes are often cluttered with dead roots, shot and abandoned. One hunting and fishing columnist advises his readers to "try them, at least for practice."

Despite these dismal behavior patterns and the shaky laws which beget them, there is some hope for the future of waterfowling. A few places still remain where a man may go to be on his own, alone. There is still seed enough to build back the stocks of canvasback and redhead and all other wildfowl, if only they can be managed according to rules based upon a biological study of each species. Furthermore, if conservation administrators could break away from irrelevant problems (such as what reflecting point is most servicable to show state clients the way to the

marsh) and instead start following a few rules of animal and human ecology, then wildfowling might continue on a more equitable basis for both birds and man.

First of all, the management of waterfowl hinges on obeying the earliest printed game law: Moses' admonition that "thou shalt not take the dam with the young." Opening dates on breeding grounds must be delayed until after the end of summer, and these areas must remain closed until adult females have completed the wing moult and flightless period which follows immediately after the young are fledged.

Secondly, management must realize that all species are not the same, either in numbers or in their ability to survive. Sixteen years ago, after an intense study of duck hunting in Illinois, Frank Bellrose, waterfowl biologist for the Illinois Natural History Survey, underlined the need to "protect certain species more than others, for each kind varies in vulnerability to the shotgun as well as to natural conditions. Inherent wariness, plus flight, flocking and feeding habits of ducks are factors that affect the kill of each duck species."

Diving ducks, like the canvasback and redhead, are particularly vulnerable to hunters. And a blanket law—especially an unenforceable one—fornidding the shooting of these species is not enough to save them. Instead, we should follow the plan outlined this year by the National Wildlife Federation, which suggests that all shooting for any species of waterfowl should be forbidden wherever the scarce diving ducks congregate.

Then, when the flocks of diving ducks have been restored, new shooting schedules must be set up, with tight area controls. There are a number of successful precedents on which to base such a plan. For example, in Manitoba in the late '60s and early '70s mallards and pintails were harvested early in the fall on the grain fields south of Lake Manitoba while the juvenile canvasback and redhead and their late-moulting mothers were saved by a delayed opening of the Delta Marsh, their traditional breeding and migrational gathering place. Such regional control is now routine with local big- and small-game species. It must come about in the management of waterfowl as well.

continued

VERSATILE VOIGTLANDER

Fine 35mm Cameras That Make Great Pictures Easy!

Yes, you may own a fine camera that makes great pictures easy, every time. With One Look is Voigtlander's big "picture window" viewfinder, you see and set correct exposure and hairline

focus automatically, no arithmetic! Get color, get fast action sequences, this same easy One Look way. VITOMATIC II's, \$109.50. Other fine Voigtlander cameras \$39.50 to \$479.00.



VOIGTLANDER

Sole American Importers
H. A. Behr & Co.
5011 W. Peterson Ave.
Chicago 41, IL

the
new dimension
in brogues

Mellow-Grain
in high-styles

Sofly turned, yet willing and able to
Full Soave tapered toe, laced
laces, elegant polished heel...
expressed in burnt olive, black or
burnished brown impressions. Posing
the way they look... the way
they feel... The way they wear!

ALSO WINTHROP INC. FOR BOYS



AN AMERICAN THEME

Bourbon Supreme

Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 Proof

"The Bourbon That Named Itself"

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO., INC. • New York, N. Y. • Pekin, Ill. • San Jose, Calif.



The K-300Z threads the film itself in 6 seconds... needle-sharp f/5.6 zoom lens fills screen from anywhere 11 to 26 feet away, zooms in focus to give dramatic projection effects; super Tri-Plector lamp lends cool brilliance to every scene. One dash bar forward, reverse, still, stop, fast rewind. Mylar tape built splice kit. Luxury movie showing at-a-price, thanks to Keystone craftsmanship. #139.00. Lifetime Guarantee on all Keystone Cameras and Projectors. Registered in your name. For free booklet, write Dept. F-29, Keystone Camera Co., Inc., Boston, Massachusetts.

DUCK HUNTING continued

Furthermore, the wildfowler must realize that the future of duck hunting hinges in large measure on halting drainage of farmlands. The water in these private marshes is the lifeblood of wildfowling. At present, it is being rared down to the sea. This almost indiscriminate drainage will not end until sportsmen organize to make their voices heard. And they must not call merely for an end to drainage. They must offer some kind of plan which will induce the farmer to keep his sloughs and potholes in cattail and bulrush.

The federal soil bank program has



ARTHUR HOCHBAUM is angry spokesman for both sportsmen and scientists.

taken agricultural soil out of production, while at the same time the merry race to get water off the land continues. Why not place remaining private marshes under a permanent soil bank? Farmers should welcome such a plan, since marshes give a higher per-acre yield in dollar value than the crops which take their place after drainage.

Then, in the realm of human ecology, the state and federal game administrators should learn that for most waterfowlers building blinds is part of the sport. Hunters don't really want to be guided to the marsh by reflecting markers, and no sportsman deserves the indignity of being watched over continually by a Big Brother.

It may be, of course, that these state and federal shooting dams will become a permanent part of our

North American culture. There are, in fact, not a few conservation officers who believe in public shooting. Said one official at the Carlson Avery Refuge, a public duck-hunting area in Minnesota, "Sometimes when I talk with the hunters who come here, I'm sure we're doing the right thing. You should have seen the look on the face of one guy coming to the checking station with a little green-winged teal. He was overflowing with joy on bagging his first duck in three years. Some say they don't care if they ever get a duck, just want to come out to feel the marsh wind on their face and listen to the chuckle of blackbirds. I stopped beside a fellow wearing \$400 worth of new shooting clothes, leaning against the fender of his Cadillac. 'Any luck?' I asked. 'No,' he replied with a big smile, 'but this is a duck pass, and I got a bird here last year.'"

Before joining in the enthusiasm for subsidized reserves, however, both administrators and the public must realize that stand-in-line shooting or gunning by appointment on state or federal lands is not cheap; the dollar or so sometimes paid covers but a small fraction of the cost of these operations. Nor will state management bring about more or better hunting opportunities. According to Charles E. Friley Jr. of the Michigan Department of Conservation, "Because the shooting pressure is so great, it is going to be a continuing necessity to limit the number of hunters. . . . Available private lands will continue to decrease, with the result that we will have to extend restrictions to cover state areas not now regulated."

Finally, we must face the hard fact that there aren't enough ducks in North America to supply every able-bodied man with a single yearly bird, let alone a daily limit. Why, then, build access roads, graveled parking places and provide state transportation so that anyone strong enough to lift a shotgun can come out and blaze away? The end result of this policy will not be good hunting for everybody but, rather, no hunting for anybody. As James W. Kimball, director of the Minnesota Department of Conservation, said only a fortnight ago, "Winning the race to provide hunting for all who seek it would be a shallow victory, and leave us with an empty prize." **END**

**A NEW
ZERO KING JACKET**

THE URBANELY UNINHIBITED WALK-AWAY. An eminently successful merger of Continental styling and American freedom of movement (front and back action shoulder), proving that you can have warmth without being bound by it. About \$30. *Refined shirt by HEDS*



The mark of a complete wardrobe

B. W. Rave Manufacturing Co., Park Square, St. Paul 3.

CLEVELAND, High Co.; LOUISVILLE, Macle's; ATLANTA, Macy's; WILMINGTON, J. T. Mullins; KANSAS CITY, Woolf Brothers; WASHINGTON, D. C., Ashford-Walsh; and other fine stores. Price slightly higher in the west.

THE BRITISH

Byford "98"

WOOL SOCK

Britishers wear 'em all year 'round



Same size, same shape, after washing, Koko! \$1.50. Caster length \$1.75. At fine stores everywhere. Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

Prudent people prefer

KING SAND

the purposeful cigarette

100% KING SAND

Premium product of United States Tobacco Company

BRITISH SHOES!

— at a fraction of their American retail price

\$10.95

Delivery in 10 days from receipt of order

Includes all freight charges

STEVEN WILLIAMS, LTD.
10 Clapham Road, North Finch, B. 2.
Enquiries: Please send me card
now. 24 pages booklet 3d-100

Name _____
Address _____

AUTOMOBILES / Nick Thimmesch

Short, fast and neat

Uncertain Detroit is upping the horsepower on compacts, and showing some nice new ones

DETROIT automobile manufacturers are in a quandary—but a pleasant one. While they privately concede that they do not know where the market is going, they do know that they are making serious inroads on the small-car market developed by the Europeans. The question is why?

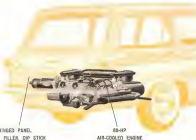
For months the obvious answer has seemed to be: because of the compacts. But there is a growing feeling among the manufacturers that this is only half the truth. As evidence they point to the American car buyer, who in some ways is like a fat man who has agreed to reduce but refuses to give up delicious food. The fact is that a majority of the 1,700,000 persons who bought 1960 compacts, supposedly because they were attracted by a sensible, economical car, asked for automatic transmissions, power steering, power brakes, fancy trim, air

conditioning, pushbutton radios and more horsepower.

In the 1961 models they will get more of everything, particularly horsepower, which in many compacts will exceed minimum horsepower ratings for some standard-sized cars. Corvair is offering an optional 98-hp engine in 1961, in addition to the standard 80 of 1960. Falcona and Comets will be upped from 90 hp to 101, although 85 hp will be the standard. The Tempest, introduced last week (SI, Oct. 3), goes as high as 155 hp and the Lark-Cruiser 225 hp.

What most buyers seem to be worrying about is economy. There is a widely held belief that compacts are cheaper to operate because they use regular fuel and less of it. This is not precisely the case. There is little difference in fuel economy between standard-sized cars, with stick shift and six cylinders, and the compacts. Both sizes burn regular fuel, and in traffic the best compact delivers only five miles per gallon more than the standard. A compact driven 10,000

CORVAIR LAKEWOOD STATION WAGON



HINGED PANEL
TO OIL FILLER, DIP STICK

88-HP
AIR-COOLED ENGINE

mile will save about \$39 in gasoline.

If it is not true economy that the public wants, what is the allure of the smaller cars? The answer might be as simple as this: American drivers want a car that is easier to handle and easier to look at. There is evidence, too, that a growing number of them favor utilitarian cars. To take advantage of this market, Chevrolet's Corvair designers and Ford are introducing autobuses that are strikingly similar in looks to the micro bus sold by Volkswagen. The most unusual of the utility cars, however, is Corvair's Lakewood (below). It has four doors and the appearance of a conventional station wagon, but it differs from all others in one remarkable respect: its engine is in the rear.

This is considered something of a coup for Chevrolet and its chief, Ed Cole. When the Corvair sedan was placed on the market last year, experts foresaw troubles for the rear-engined make because it could not produce a station wagon, considered a necessity in the compact field.

Corvair's solutions to the tricky problems of a rear-engined station wagon are ingenious. The Lakewood's 89-hp, air-cooled motor sits snugly in the back, covered by the floorboards. A hinged panel permits easy access to the dip stick and the oil filler (the floorboard cover must be picked up if any serious work has to be done on the engine) and the battery is placed in a small compartment on the left



GAS TANK

rear side of the car. The Lakewood has the full 108-inch Corvair wheelbase, and is 53.5 inches high. This makes it the lowest of all station wagons and one of the best-looking. When the second seat is folded down, the Lakewood has 68 cubic feet of cargo area, including 10 cubic feet up front under the hood, where the spare tire is also stored. The Corvair autobus, the Greenbrier, has Lakewood's 89-hp engine mounted in the rear. It seats six passengers comfortably and, with the third seat pulled down, nine.

A well-kept secret this year in Detroit was Ford's new Econoline series, which includes a bus and van much like the Greenbrier. Powered by an 85-hp Falcon engine, the bus sits on a short 93-inch wheelbase. It seats up to eight passengers, has an overall length of 188.4 inches and weighs 2,659 pounds. Double doors on the right side open out and make a handy frame for pitching a tent. With five passengers there are 83.4 cubic feet of cargo space, with eight passengers 32 cubic feet. In either case there is enough room for most of the gear needed on an outdoor trip.

More conventional than the autobuses and the Lakewood among the year's new cars are three new compacts, the Buick Special, Oldsmobile's F-85 and the Dodge Lancer, a younger but bigger brother to the extraordinarily successful Valiant. The Special and the F-85 are enough alike to be twins. The F-85's specifications are nearly identical to the Special's, which are: wheelbase 112 inches, length 188.4 inches, weight 2,591 pounds, width 71.3 inches, height 52.5 inches. Both cars are offered in four-door sedan and station-wagon models and both have 13-inch wheels. Their engines, too, are identical, being V-8, aluminum and water-cooled, mounted up front. The engine burns regular fuel and is rated at 155 hp.

Brothers under the hood

While some of its dimensions are slightly larger, the Lancer is a fairly close replica of the Valiant. The Valiant's 108.5-inch wheelbase is repeated in the Lancer. Both are 53.3 inches high and offer the fine-performing standard 191-hp slanted six engine, as well as optional engines which turn 145 hp. As compacts go, both are heavy. Valiant weighs in this year at a hefty 2,895 pounds (up 60

continued)



The gin that needs no label

Coates Original PLYMOUTH Gin is made only in historic Plymouth, England, near the soft upland water of Devon so essential to its distinctive taste. Plymouth Gin is an original recipe and the flavor is unmistakable: eloquent, without being assertive.

Once you've tasted the distinctive flavor of Coates Plymouth Gin you can tell it anywhere, anytime—whether it's served to you straight, in a martini or on the rocks. And ever afterwards you'll recognize Plymouth by its most distinguishing trademark—the flower.

COATES

Plymouth
Gin IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



NOTE: Regulations require this label to be pasted on every bottle of PLYMOUTH Gin. In these states where the label is required, we have it marked.
Distilled Gin 84.4 Proof 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Imported by J. & C. Co., N.Y.

SMART HUNTERS' SECRET



This secret is the high-cut, form fit, soft rubber coupler — an exclusive feature that supports and protects the sensitive heel area. This patented design prevents abrasions and will not rub, bite, ride or chafe.

Flexible rubber bottom combined with 12-inch waterproof leather top, and detailed crepe outsole and heel for dry-long foot comfort. Men's and Women's Sizes.

CONVERSE

No Bite HUNTING SHOES

RECOMMENDED BY THE U.S. ARMY
 12 year dealer use to supply pay, with
 CONVERSE RUBBER COMPANY
 370 YEARS STREET, MAUNDEN AR, MAINE



Active People Make Active Markets

...and you'll find the most active of both in the advertising and editorial pages of...

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
The First Market to Buy



CHRYSLER'S LATEST COMPACT, THE DODGE LANCER, IS BIGGER THAN THE VALIANT

AUTOMOBILES continued

from 1960) and Lancer weighs 2,725.

Lancer's styling should win the same flattery accorded Valiant last year. As in the Valiant, the large windows extend into the roof line, and the grille, hood and bumper come together in a forward-thrust V design, making it a handsome car. Two-door and four-door sedans and four-door station wagons fill out the line.

Where do these new compacts leave George Romney and his American Motors Corporation Rambler? Right where Romney wants to be. "Refreshing change is one thing," he said not long ago, "but incessant change has a touch of idiocy." AMC now calls its 108-inch-wheelbase Ramblers "classic," the basic design having been retained. But there have been changes, and the boxy models

of two seasons ago are out. Most improved is the Rambler American, the 100-inch-wheelbase car that has lost its bathtub bulge and has sleeker lines. American will offer a convertible model this year, thus becoming the second compact convertible (Studebaker's Lark was the first).

There are now 12 compacts being produced by American manufacturers. The models have become so popular that they have forced modifications on the low- and medium-priced cars, many of which are shorter today than they were a year ago and now offer engines burning regular fuel. But the ambivalent attitude of the consumer still has Detroit guessing. Two things seem sure: U.S. buyers have more and better models to choose from than they have had in years and, until further notice, the chromium craze is over.

END



FORD ECONOLINE BUS LOOKS LIKE VOLKSWAGEN BUT HAS FALCON ENGINE IN FRONT

What have you heard about METRECAL® the new concept of weight control?

Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth. This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.

In September of 1980, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low caloric diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the diet of Metrecal. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that

they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

A frequently specified day's supply is one-half pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water or four eight-ounce cans of Metrecal liquid. This provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 130 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration.

In addition to the half-pound can, Metrecal powder is now available in the 3½-pound economy-size can. The new Metrecal liquid is packaged in eight-ounce cans—each provides a convenient individual meal.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problem of weight loss and control.

*Metrecal is a Mead Johnson & Company's brand of dietary food supplement.



Mead Johnson
Symbol of service in medicine

GRILL AND GRIDIRON

Photograph by Richard Meeb

Spartan Coach Duffy Daugherty and wife (opposite) happily contemplate veal parmigiana prepared in the tradition of her discerning Italian ancestry

EVERYBODY knows about the troubles that plague a football coach in the autumn. Not so many are aware of those that plague his wife. Forced to minister to the needs of a stomach perpetually on the brink of ulceration, the coach's wife, more than most, must be a tactful and skillful mistress of cookery if she is to keep her husband happy. One wife who perfectly fits this description is Frances Stocanti Daugherty, wife and cook for the last 18 years to Michigan State's volatile and excitable Hugh Duffy Daugherty.

"I am living evidence," says Duffy. "that Francis is a fabulous cook. In the stress and strain of my profession, food often rests uneasily on a man's stomach. Yet I have survived all of Francis's gastric tests without developing a single ulcer."

Despite this unsolicited testimonial, Duffy, a man chronically concerned with the intricacies of the multiple offense, paid little heed when his wife confessed some years ago that she was toying with the idea of publishing a cookbook. "When Francis asked if I'd promise to read the book," said Duffy, "I told her I'd rather wait till they made the movie." But Mrs. Daugh-

erty, who knows and forgives her husband's weakness for a winecock, persisted, and the result was *Gridiron Cookery*, a collection of the favorite recipes of football coaches' wives all over the country, written in collaboration with a Lippincott editor named Aileen Beethers and just published by David McKay.

"Now that the book is off the press," Duffy admitted last week in a graceful about-face, "I am experiencing a tinge of regret that it is all over. Our entire family, including No. 1 son, Danny, 14, and daughter, Dore, 8, has enjoyed sampling the contents, and I, for one, have relished my role as official guinea pig for the 350 recipes included. The children particularly enjoyed Chicken Dickens, contributed by Mrs. Phil Dickens of Indiana U., and I feel that I outdid myself preparing a mess of teriyaki steaks on the outdoor grill according to the recipe of Mrs. Tommy Kaulakoual of the University of Hawaii. But my favorite dish, inside the book or out of it, is still Francis's veal parmigiana."

Considering the fact that the book contains a recipe for fudge contributed by Coach Daugherty himself, this is a handsome tribute.

GRIDIRON RECIPES

Veal parmigiana by Mrs. Duffy Daugherty

6 veal cutlets, pounded very thin
2 eggs, beaten
1/2 cup bread crumbs
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 cup tomato sauce
5 slices mozzarella cheese
6 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
salt and pepper to taste

Season beaten egg with salt and pepper. Combine bread crumbs with half the grated cheese. Dip cutlets first in egg, then in crumbs. Sear in hot olive oil until golden brown; place in a shallow baking pan. Cover with tomato sauce and top with mozzarella slices; sprinkle the rest of the grated Parmesan on top. Bake at 350° for 15 minutes, or until

cheese melts and browns slightly. Serve four to six.

Fudge by Duffy Daugherty

1/2 cup cocoa
3 cups sugar
3/4 cup evaporated milk
1/2 cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons butter

Combine cocoa, sugar, milk and water. Bring to a slow boil, stirring occasionally; cook until a small amount forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from heat; add vanilla and butter as substitute milk. Beat until it thickens; pour on a buttered platter or pan and cut in squares. Allow to set.



IT'S HERE!...the hot new number in

F-85

...every inch an **OLDS**



the LOW-PRICE FIELD!

MOBILE!



OLDS F-85 brings you the best of both Agility and economy of smaller cars... high performance and solid ride to match the bigger ones!

Trim and terrific! That's the new F-85—Oldsmobile's thrift-size entry in the low-price field! It's lighter, livelier... easier on gas! Easier to park and handle! And the F-85 can really step out... because it combines a weight advantage with Oldsmobile's exclusive Rockette Engine—the all-new aluminum V-8 of proved design that's standard at no extra cost! Hydra-Matic Drive is optional for automatic convenience. Only Olds offers a power team like this in the low-price field!

Fun to drive! Alert to your every touch, the 165-horsepower F-85 holds the road like a shadow! A honey to handle and a peach to park! Handy 186.2" over-all length... and an ample 112" wheel-base for a superior ride.

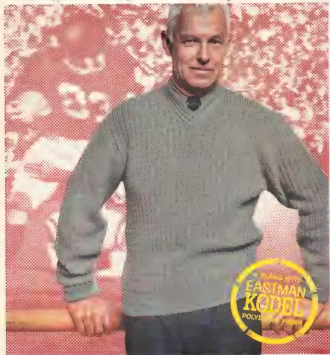
Style and stonish that you'd expect in an Olds make the new F-85 a car you'll be proud to drive... and smart to buy! Simply beautiful fabrics that out-sparkle those in most big cars. All-Maroccosen interior available at no extra cost. Solid-looking hardware... solid-feeling ride... solid comfort from thick rubber insulation at many points. Come in and size up the new four-door F-85 sedans and wagons. Discover, too, how delightful it is to drive a new F-85... at your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's now!

Before you buy any low-priced car

... be sure to see and drive the new F-85!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

The champion of stay-fresh fibers in Brentwood Sportswear. Here's a sweater that feels as good as it looks. Soft? You bet! But plenty thick and rugged, too. And with Kodel, it's machine-washable...because the liveliest polyester yet gives it a solid defense against shrinkage. Blend of Kodel polyester and wool.



Brentwood Sportswear sweater comes in a wide range of colors. About \$13.95* at five stores across the country. (Also available with shawl collar—not shown—about \$14.95*.) Made is a blend of 50% Kodel polyester, 50% territory wool. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or sweater shown here.

*Slightly higher west of the Rockies.
EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

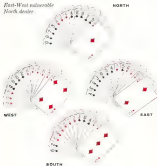
Content with the pass

IN tournament bridge there is only one permissible way for a player to pass his chance to bid, and that is simply to say, "Pass." Anything else, even "No bid," once quite acceptable, is frowned upon generally and banned in international competition.

Bidding wasn't always so strictly governed. In the early days of the game one of the politer forms of accepting the last bid was to say, "Content." This suggestion that partner remain quiet was banished for obvious reasons, but there are occasions today when a player might like to revive the quaint bid. Present-day bidders have the penalty double with which they can convey the same "keep quiet" message to partner. But the bid is not always satisfactory, as West unhappily discovered in the following deal, which was told to me by my new teammate, Boris Keytchov, the Russian who moved to New York to join the faculty of the Card School.

East-West vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	4♠	5♠	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	5♥	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: ♠ of clubs

Only a player with a pronounced aversion to being excluded from the auction would have ventured a raise to five clubs with the hand South held. But this particular South was the kind of competitor who was all but ignited by such pre-emptive tactics as East's jump to four spades.

And West, on this occasion, was a player who would have preferred that once-proper call "Content," had it still been available. He was so well pleased with the five-club bid that he wanted nothing to disturb it. Therefore he felt he had to double in order to warn partner not to rebid his spade suit.

Left undisturbed, this five-club contract would have been set, if only for the reason that East would have been on lead. After cashing two spade tricks, a third spade would have permitted West to overruff dummy for the setting trick.

However, West's double of five clubs had given South a chance to escape. So, uncertain of the quality of his partner's club suit (the opening bid could conceivably have been made on as few as three to the ace or king), South discreetly retired to five hearts. The only thing that justified West's double of that contract was his conviction that South was firmly in a trap.

Dummy won the opening club lead, cashed the heart ace and led a heart to declarer's queen. The jack of clubs was finessed, and another club lead established the suit. West's last trump was drawn with dummy's heart jack, and South's losing spades were discarded on the long clubs. In the end, declarer lost only one diamond trick.

Why didn't North redouble? Would East have gone on in spades if West hadn't doubted, or if North had redoubled? At five spades doubled, would East have gone down two tricks? (This would have demanded a perfect defense with North overtaking the jack of clubs opening, cashing the ace of diamonds and underleading the heart ace to allow South to lead a diamond for North to ruff.) All of these questions are condemnatory—and unanswerable, which is probably just as well.

One question, however, South himself volunteered to answer. "The ice-cold slam was not bidable," he contended, "as West refused to tell us in advance that he did not have a spade to lead."

EXTRA TRICK

When you think you can set the opponents, don't double if there is any possibility of their escaping to something safer. Just say, "Pass."

END

The have-nots have at the haves

Syracuse escaped with its life, but Washington lost and Iowa began turning cautious after a startlingly easy win

WHEN a football team becomes good enough to attract national attention, it inherits two problems. One is complacency, born of glowing press notices. The second is an inevitable succession of fired-up opponents, ready to sacrifice the rest of the season for that one stunning upset. Syracuse and Washington, ranked first and third in the country, ran head on into both problems last Saturday. Syracuse managed to survive. Washington did not.

In Lawrence, Kans., shortly after Syracuse had edged a dogged Kansas team 14-7, Coach Ben Schwartzwalder lit a long cigar, pushed his baseball cap back on his gray head and peered pensively over his spectacles. "I thought Kansas was as good a team as we ever played," he said quietly. "I never saw such a grim

team as they were before the game. I went over by their dressing room to talk to the officials and they were all so quiet. I don't know why everyone has to get so worked up about beating us all the time."

If Kansas Coach Jack Mitchell was worked up about beating Syracuse, he disguised it well as he talked about his team earlier in the week. "We got some good boys," drawled the folksy, handsome young coach, "but you don't beat Syracuse with just good boys. They're too much football team for the likes of us. Our little fellas in the line just can't handle that kind of team."

Although Mitchell undoubtedly was practicing a negative brand of positive thinking, the size of the Syracuse squad as they warmed up before the game was impressive. On

the line they outweighed Kansas 19 pounds per man. In the backfield were two of the most formidable runners in collegiate football, Art Baker, a 216-pound fullback with tree trunks for legs, and Ernie Davis, a halfback who despite his 205 pounds is as elusive as a butterfly. As these football giants went through their pregame chores, they displayed an easy confidence and professional calm that in itself might be—and perhaps has been—enough to dismay an already jittery opponent.

Yet, three plays after Kansas kicked off, it was Syracuse that appeared jittery as it fumbled the ball away deep in its own territory. Less than a minute later, on an end sweep by speedy Bert Coan, the TCU exile, Kansas had a touchdown and, astonishingly, the lead.

The rest of the game was like watching a man on the side of a hill trying to hold back a huge boulder. Eventually it was bound to start



RAY'S BELLING RUND 14 YARDS AS WASHINGTON PLAYERS DROP LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES, INCLUDING TWO COLLIDING AT RIGHT



QUARTERBACK DANETTE PASSES TO HALFBACK DAVIS TO SET UP SYRACUSE SCORE

moving, but there were times when Kansas seemed to be saying that if it did it would have to be next week. Relying on a few breaks and the remarkable long punts of Quarterback John Hadl, the Jayhawks left the field at half time ahead 7-0.

But in the third period Syracuse finally scored, and after five minutes of the final period they scored again to lead 14-7. There was no denying their superiority. At that point in the game Syracuse had run 78 plays, Kansas 28. Syracuse had made 23 first downs, Kansas one.

Undaunted by this statistical proof that it was the inferior team, Kansas launched one last effort. Abandoning their defensive tactics, Kansas began a series of desperate run-the-ball plays, most of which seemed as impromptu as a sneeze. Ten plays later Kansas was in the Syracuse end zone with what appeared to be a touch-

down and what could have been the biggest upset of the 1990 season. However, a penalty was called against Kansas and the drive died. Syracuse won and a tough game was behind them. Ahead seven more teams waited, all of them in the process of getting worked up about beating the national champion.

Where Syracuse had been harassed by a fired-up opponent, Washington, in losing 15-14 to Navy, was the victim of complacency.

"We're getting mighty lousy and smart-alecky now," Assistant Coach Tom Tippet of the Huskies said after the game. "If you want to be cuties, you'll beat yourself. You don't need the other team there to do it for you."

For Head Coach Jim Owens and the 49 survivors of his death-march training techniques, it was the loss of more than a ball game. It was the

loss of a way of life. It was inconceivable that a team built on the notion of victory through suffering should not be able to punish a prima ballerina like Navy's Joe Bellino into submission and defeat, or that it should lose through fumbles and penalties and quaint field tactics. For a good share of the players, tears replaced words. Even Owens, who occupied himself for 30 minutes after the game with the parson's task of administering condolences, seemed hollow in his summation of the afternoon's catastrophe.

"They contained us," he said. "We made more mistakes than they did and they contained us."

It was a painful defeat, but perhaps more painful still was the official U.S. Navy analysis of the game. "The boys beat the men," the critique said. "We have more heart than they do."

Since the same idea had carried the Huskies through the Rose Bowl last January, Navy would have been far kinder merely to admit it was the stronger team.

Couch Owens went into the game with a handicap that proved too much to overcome. His tigers had floundered their way through two giveaway games in which they had rolled up 98 points against inept enemies. To undo the effects of this powder-puff schedule, the bulletin board in the Washington locker room was festooned during the week with newspaper clippings and magazine stories, a superbly eclectic collection in which Washington was invariably damned and Navy always praised.

It was gentle, passive brainwashing, like feeding a police dog chocolate eclairs, then trying to make him a killer by telling him that eastern writers all mistake him for a cocker spaniel.

And yet Washington looked its awful best in the first quarter, when it scored on a 31-yard pass from All American Bob Schloredt to Halfback Dan McKeta, a chief of the kill-or-be-killed school of thought. But before the quarter was out, Joe Bellino had a touchdown on a dive over

continued

ROUGHING IT?

don't wear
an ordinary
watch!



Get a Westclox that's rugged as all soldiers... that winds itself automatically with the simplest wrist motion! Get a Westclox and leave your watch worries at home!

only \$14.95

**SELF-WINDING!
WATERPROOF!
DUSTPROOF!
WORRYPROOF!**



FEATURED ON THE
"TAS HUNTER SHOW"
SUNDAYS, 8:30 P.M.,
N.Y.T., NBC-TV

*How did this watch work so
depend on you?

WESTCLOX
World's Largest Manufacturer of Timepieces

FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

guard and Navy was only a point behind.

The game grew fierce as it ground along. Four times Navy was penalized for personal fouls and the entire Washington bench periodically took to its feet to shout at the referees. But Washington was penalized for the same nasty doings on two occasions, and both teams had touchdowns called back.

Late in the final period, with Washington leading 14-12, Schlusfeld hobbled a snap from center as he prepared to punt, and Navy took over deep in Washington territory. With just 14 seconds remaining, Navy End Gregory Mather kicked a 31-yard field goal for the Navy victory. Washington left the field beaten and bitter, but no longer complacent.

At Evanston, Ill., a volcanic upheaval shook the Big Ten as Iowa completely ruined Northwestern 42-

FOOTBALL'S THIRD WEEK

by **MERVIN HYMAN**

THE EAST

For weeks Penn State Coach Rip Engle had been telling all who would listen that his team just didn't have the experience to match its schedule. But it took Missouri's swift backs, striking adroitly and purposefully behind mass blocking, and a spectacular defensive show by big Tiger End Dan LaRose to prove his point. The Missouri backs skittered around the passive State defenses, went over them with passes when the occasion called for it, scored a 21-8 victory.

The Ivy League, too, had their troubles. The worst thing happened at Harvard, where Massachusetts, led by Quarterback Jake McCormack, who ran for one touchdown and punted for another, upset the Crimson 27-12. But even more damaging was the loss (temporarily for a month) of Quarterback Charlie Harvard, who hobbled off with a sprained right knee in the second quarter. Penn fell to eager Dartmouth 18-9. Princeton, showing little regard for Columbia's supposed

power, methodically trounced the Lions 49-8. Yale needed every bit of its defensive might to turn back Brown 9-8. Cornell was annoyed by Bucknell's brilliant punter, Paul Terkes, but won 12-7.

Boston U. turned two fumble recoveries into touchdowns and beat Holy Cross 20-14; Rutgers doped Connecticut with a tricky double-wing T and won 19-8; Auburn upset hefty Delaware 14-12 on two conversions by Halfback Steve Van Nort. The top three:

- 1. SYRACUSE (3-0)
- 2. NAVY (3-0)
- 3. ARMY (3-0)

THE SOUTH

"I hope Bobby Jr. has a fine day, and I hope Tech beats the devil out of Florida," said the gracious Mrs. Robert Lee Dodd Sr., wife of the Georgia Tech football coach and mother of an ailing Gator sophomore quarterback, one day last week. Bobby Jr. had a fine day, but Tech didn't beat the devil out of Florida. Bobby Jr. completed a 32-yard pass with less than four minutes to play, plunged for a first down on the Tech three-yard line,



BACK OF THE WEEK: Ohio State Fullback Bob Ferguson battered USC for 158 yards, 74 in one run, scored all three touchdowns in 20-0 win.



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Missouri End Dan LaRose grabbed scoring pass, recovered two fumbles and ruined hob with Penn State backs.

6 and took one giant step toward the Rose Bowl. It was a brutally cold-blooded affair that saw Iowa win by the biggest margin it had rolled up over a Big Ten team since 1922. Working with micrometerlike precision, Iowa never failed to control the game, only once allowing Northwestern to penetrate beyond the Iowa 23-yard line. Said disconsolate Northwestern Coach Ara Parnagian, whose star Quarterback Dick Thornton was on the bench with injuries: "When

you lose your passer, one of your best runners, your punter and your leader—that you've worked with so long, so hard to make the team go—you really feel it. But that's the best Iowa team we've played by far."

Iowa's Forest Evashevski was not ready to agree. "We've got a lot of work to do," he said drily. "Our second unit has a long way to go."

Clearly, Evashevski was bracing himself to combat the complacency of a nationally ranked team. **END**

then cheered himself hoarse as his replacement, Larry Liberson, passed to Lindy Infante for a touchdown and to Jon Mar-Beth for the two points that beat Bobby Br.'s Jackets 18-17 with 32 seconds to go.

Mississippi came close to falling but settled for a stiff score as Memphis State Quarterback James Earl Wright passed and ran the Tigers to a respectable four-quarter loss, 31-28. Mississippi State, taking heart from a brilliant goal-line stand, played Tennessee to a 0-0 tie. Ailing Auburn Fullback Ed Dyer kicked a 28-yard field goal to edge Kentucky 10-7. Alabama wore down Vanderbilt, then beat the Commodores 21-0. Georgia thrashed surprising South Carolina 38-6. LSU, usually the opportunist, suddenly found itself the victim of the break against Baylor, which recovered a fumbled punt on the LSU 15-yard line, moments later sent Fullback Bob Starn over to beat the Tigers 7-3.

Duke Coach Bill Murray figured Maryland would be looking for his new air game, instead shrewdly reverted to his old grind-it-out style, pounded the Terps into submission 26-7. Quarterback Norman Gabriel, a bulky 226-pounder, passed and plunged for four touchdowns as North Carolina State clattered with Virginia 28-7. Clemson bumbled for a while against Virginia Tech, but got a pickup from Quarterback Lowndes Shingler, who scored twice in the second half for a 13-7 victory. Miami Quarterback Eddie Jenkins ran disappointing North Carolina, diary for 114 yards, helped the Hurricanes win 22-12. The top three:

1. MICHIGAN (9-0)
2. ILLINOIS (9-0)
3. KANSAS (9-0)

THE MIDWEST

Contenders in the Big Ten were almost as plentiful as pickpockets at a parade. Even as Iowa dined Northwestern's hopes, Michigan State, bruised by Denzy Fitzgerald's 99-yard kickoff return, skated its huge players back and forth and eventually wore down spunky Michigan. Fullback Carl Charney led the late charge,



NEW FACTS: Florida Quarterback Bobby Dodd Jr. (left) had an adept hand in helping Gators upset dad's Georgia Tech team; Lehigh Halfback Pat Clark got a chance to run in 39-32 win over Colgate, responded with four touchdowns, two on passes.

going over for the touchdown that put the Spartans ahead 24-17. Minnesota used a punishing inside attack and brute line strength to batter Indiana 45-8.

But the most awesome scoring display was generated by Purdue Quarterback Bernie Allen and Maury Guttman, who led the Boilermakers to a 31-point second quarter and a 53-19 victory over weakened Notre Dame. Ohio State treated much-beaten USC with appropriate disrespect, whipping the Trojans 28-0. Illinois breezed past West Virginia 33-0; Wisconsin trounced Marquette 33-5.

While Kansas was bowing to Missouri, Oklahoma upheld Big Eight prestige by routing back Pan 15-14. The Sooners' alternates took over in the last quarter, blocked a kick, scored a touchdown and won the game when Quarterback Bennett Wallis ran for two extra points. Iowa State finally pulled out a 10-7 squeaker with Nebraska as Larry Schneider's 29-yard field goal. The top three:

1. IOWA (9-0)
2. ILLINOIS (9-0)
3. KANSAS STATE (9-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

YOU will be unable to remember an offense, again discovered that it cannot depend

on itself

Gold Label PALMA CANDELA

If you smoke
more than
three cigars
a day...



Gold Label

ORIGINAL SIZE
26 • 4 1/2"



Indulge yourself as often as you like in the satisfying mildness of this vintage Havana cigar. Its costly Cuban tobacco never fires your taste.

Special offer to cigar connoisseurs

To add to your smoking pleasure, this elegant Negro Gold cigar case, packed with 4 Gold Label Palma Candela, is yours for the price of the cigars alone (20¢ per limited. Only 1 to a customer.) Send \$1.00 with your name and address to: Gessler, Smith & Co., Dept. B, Fairview 1, Tampa, Fla.

The Custom-Made Vintage Havana Cigar

Bob
Goalby

A member of
the Rawlings
Advisory Staff



BOB GOALBY
Autographed Clubs by
Rawlings

More
and more like
the choice of the
young pros!

RAWLINGS SPORTING GOODS CO. • St. Louis
New York • Los Angeles • Dallas • Chicago

Prudent
people prefer

KING SANO

the purposeful
cigarette

Premium product of United States Tobacco Company

**EXERCISE to FEEL BETTER—
makes it FUN with a
HEALTH BIKE!**



Health is recommended by
doctors to improve circulation,
strengthen muscles, burn ex-
cess calories, lose weight, and
improve blood circulation.
With the fun, plus even an
adjustable resistance, this bike
is the perfect exercise machine.
Specialized Exercise
Bikes for the Home.

Health Care, INC., P.O. Box 100,
Beverly Hills, CA 90212

FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

entirely upon its big line. Lighter Arkansas exploited the soft spots for a third-quarter 61-yard march, sent Quarterback Billy Moore bootlegging around end and Fullback Joe Paul Alberty zooming up the middle until Alberty crashed over from the one-foot line to give the Razorbacks a 7-0 victory. Meanwhile, usually cautious Texas took to the air against Texas Tech, and Quarterback Mike Cotten pitched two long scoring passes to Jack Collins and Larry Cooper for a 17-0 win. Rice stiffened its defense, overhauled Tanne- 10 7 on Max Webb's 21-yard field goal. The top three:

1. TEXAS (1-0)
2. ARKANSAS (1-0)
3. ARKANSAS (1-0)

THE WEST

The armed forces brought off a successful invasion of the Pacific Coast. While Navy shelled Washington up north, Army provided air and ground support with a second-half burst that snatched California with its defense lagging and enabled the Cadets to overhaul the Bears 28-10. Fullbacks Al Rukatsch and George Pappas crashed over for scores and Quarterback Tom Hanks threw touchdowns passes to George Kirschbaum and Paul Stanley.

At Denver, civil Air Force bombardier Rich Mayo kept his Falcons on the ground for touchdowns by Mike Quisen, Bob McDonough and Monte Mooring, took them into the air for a fourth to beat Stanford 32-9. The top three:

1. WASHINGTON (1-0)
2. SCLA (1-0)
3. AIR FORCE (1-0)

THIRD WEEK LEADERS

(WCA established)

SCORES	TO	BY	PTS.
Gators, New Mexico State	5	0	48
Jones, Arizona State	0	0	33
Delfino, Navy	5	2	32
Kelly, New Mexico State	3	8	32

NAME	YDS.	AVG.
Hoppe, Iowa State	64	423 6.73
Gardner, New Mexico State	58	291 6.59
Larsch, Utah State	31	270 11.94

PLAYERS	YDS.	PTS.
Payson, Hard-Elm.	71 45 247 423 2	
Purvis, Texas Woman	59 49 249 425 8	
McKa, Washington State	54 39 289 585 4	

TOTAL OFFENSE	Y	P	PPR
Hoppe, Iowa State	481	189	551
Wright, Memphis State	288	346	548
McKa, Washington State	27	563	536

TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAMES	AVG.
San Jose State	72	468	468	8
Air Force	143	572	456	8
New Mexico State	202	1,331	423	8

TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAMES	AVG.
Syracuse	74	136	64	8
San Jose State	45	88	88	8
Dartmouth	56	262	133	8

**SATURDAY'S
TOUGH ONES**

Army over Penn State. The unbeaten Cadets have Tom Hanks to throw and two fullbacks to keep the defense busy. State can't match the persistent Army attack.

Georgia Tech over LSU. The Tigers will make Tech work for its yardage, but Stan Gann's passing is better than anything LSU can offer.

Pitt over Miami. Pitt's back can't be all bad. Miami was impressive against North Carolina, but this may be the week for the Panthers.

North Carolina State over Maryland. State will rely upon Roman Gabriel's passing and running against a Maryland team which has yet to play up to expectations.

Arkansas over Baylor. LSU demonstrated that tough defense can hold Baylor's Horned Bull. Arkansas has the ability to make the most of its opportunities.

Texas over Oklahoma. The Longhorn defense looked stronger last week than the Sooners', which is stubborn but probably not stubborn enough to stop Texas' Mike Cotten and Jack Collins.

Illinois over Ohio State. Woody Hayes has the Big Ten title fever again. But the Illini speed and determination will overcome the Badboys' power.

Iowa over Michigan State. The Hawkeyes have suddenly discovered that this could be their year. State has the manpower, but Iowa's backs are quicker.

Michigan over Duke. To pass or not to pass—that is Duke Coach Bill Murray's problem. Michigan's power and depth in the line will decide the issue.

Missouri over Air Force. Missouri's deceptive wing T may give over the experienced Falcons a time. However, the Tigers must stop Rich Mayo's passes.

Other games

- HAWKEYE OVER CORNELL
- MASSACHUSETTS OVER CONNECTICUT
- OSU OVER BOSTON A
- FLORIDA OVER RICE
- NOTRE DAME OVER NORTH CAROLINA
- MINNESOTA OVER NORTHWESTERN
- PURDUE OVER WISCONSIN
- KANSAS OVER IOWA STATE
- CALIFORNIA OVER WASHINGTON STATE
- HOUSTON OVER DREXEL

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
1. RIGHT, 5 WRONG
2. Editor's Record: 10-10

Saturation in Dallas

The dollars flow like blood in Texas' pro war, and the winner will be the one who loses least

WHEN THE Dallas Texans played the New York Titans in the Cotton Bowl last week, they were watched (for free) by a large number of hoppers in white jackets, a much larger number of kids in free, white T-shirts, several thousand high school students who had attended a high school game the previous Friday night and a few paying customers, some of whom got in on cut-rate tickets by virtue of having purchased groceries or the right brand of cigarettes or potato chips.

It all added up to 37,500 spectators and what Texas Owner Lamar Hunt, engaged in a battle with the Dallas Cowboys of the National Football League, calls exposure.

"That's what we need this year," Hunt, representing the rival American Football League, said recently. "Exposure. We have to change the football habits of the people here, so we have to induce them to come to our games however we can."

"Exposure," said an irritated official of the Cowboys, "can kill people." The Cowboys have adopted the novel policy of asking spectators to pay to see their games. Only youngsters get in free. Five kids are admitted to the end zone with each adult general-admission ticket purchased. As a consequence, the Cowboys are consistent-

ly outdrawn by the Texans AFL entry but the Cowboy money gate is as consistently ahead of the Texans.

One Dallas critic, indulging the Texans penchant for the vivid if vaguely familiar image, said last week: "They are fighting for survival knee-deep in a sea of red ink." It is unlikely that the red sea will part for either club in the near future; pro football has never been profitable for two teams in a single city.

Contributing to the financial woes of the pro clubs is the cloying flood of football which inundates this city on a typical weekend. Recently, from Friday night through Sunday afternoon, 750,000-odd people in Dallas (pop. 800,000) saw a football game of one kind or another. Six high school games on Friday night drew 44,000. Two small college games in the vicinity totaled 14,000, and an estimated 425,000 watched three TV games—a college game on Saturday afternoon and two NFL pro games on Sunday afternoon. During the weekend, the Cowboys played the Pittsburgh Steelers before 50,000 in the Cotton Bowl on Saturday night, and the Texans played the Los Angeles Chargers before 42,000 on Sunday afternoon. SMU, a regular Saturday afternoon attraction in Dallas, was away losing to Ohio State.

These figures for the pro games were gross attendance and included all the paper. Neither team came close to breaking even financially; only owners as wealthy as the Texans'

continued

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 30, 1948 (15 STAT. 708) SHOWING TRUE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 16, 1965.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Sidney L. James, Time Incorporated, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; Editor-in-Chief, H. R. Larr, Time Incorporated, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; Managing editor, André Laguerre, Time Incorporated, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; Business Manager, R. R. Ammann, Jr., Time Incorporated, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

2. The owner is Time Incorporated, Time & Life Building, New York 20, New York; the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock are: Brown Brothers Harriman and Company, 29 Wall Street, New York 5, New York; Henry P. Durbin, c/o Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York, P.O. Box 1166, New York, New York; French and Company, c/o The First Pennsylvania Banking & Trust Company, Parkside Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Irving Trust Company, trustee under the will of Brian Hildner for the benefit of Elizabeth Bush Pool, 1 Wall Street, New York 15, New York; Roy E. Larson, c/o Time Incorporated, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; Henry R. Larr, c/o Time Incorporated, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; The Henry Larr Foundation, Incorporated, c/o Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, Income Collection Department, 100 Broadway, New York 17, N.Y.; Steven Larr, 3rd, c/o Time Incorporated, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.; Samuel W. Mehl, c/o The National Bank and Trust Company of Philadelphia County, Trust Department, 1 Atlantic Street, Stamford, Connecticut; J. C. Orr and Company, c/o Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, 100 Broadway, New York 17, N.Y.; Pratt and Company, c/o Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, 100 Franklin Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

"Believed to be held for account of one or more stockholders.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 925,000.

(Signed) Raymond R. Ammann, Jr.,

Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1965

(Not) (Signed) Lucille Garmant

(My commission expires March 30, 1965)





The man who makes command decisions...

is taking a breather. He might be you, so don't disturb him. Let's just move in for a closer look at his Manhattan sportshirt. First, the bird in decorative flight on the pocket. It's a beautiful thing, that pheasant, a miniature masterpiece of embroidery. The shirt itself is a soft-spoken cotton with an unusually mellow hand. Dependably washable too. We tailor it to keep you looking your best—even when caught napping! The next time you

break away from the chain of command, relax in this fine Manhattan® sportshirt. In a wealth of rich colors, \$5.95. Priced slightly higher in the West. The Manhattan Shirt Company, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. 20, makers of shirts, sportswear, pajamas, underwear, handkerchiefs and Lady Manhattan® Sportswear.

Manhattan®

ANNOUNCING THE HAPPIEST BIRTHDAY OF THE YEAR!

FALCON '61 has these wonderful



You get the presents on the first birthday of the world's most successful new car . . . the car with over 400,000 happy owners . . . the car no other compact can measure up to!

GAS MILEAGE THAT SETS A STANDARD FOR OTHERS! Owners have proved it, tests have proved it . . . the Falcon gives you up to 30 miles on a gallon. With the Falcon, you put your money in the tank—not in the tank!

LUXURIOUS 6-PASSENGER ROOM . . . IN THE FALCON MANNER! The '61 Falcon has stretch-out room for 6 comfort-loving adults . . . with trunk space galore for all their luggage. And just like the big cars, Falcon '61 presents you with coat hooks, front arm rests, foam-padded front seats and chic

interiors upholstered right down to the door panels . . . all at no extra cost. Only Falcon lets you go in such big-car style . . . at such a low compact car price.

FIRST WITH 4,000-MILE OIL CHANGES! Save your money! Falcon goes not 1,000, not 1,500, not 2,000 or 3,000—but 4,000 long miles between oil changes. What's more, Falcon is the only compact that *never* needs waxing. For even more savings, Falcon has an aluminum muffler that normally lasts three times as long as ordinary types. That's Falcon for you—the only true economy car of the compact field.

birthday presents for you !



New 1961 Falcon ... in 2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door wagons

A CHOICE OF TWO SURGING "SIXES"! With the '61 Falcon, you get *thrust* as well as *thrif*. Falcon gives you a choice of power plants, starting with the standard Falcon 144 Six—already economy-proved by over 400,000 richer owners. Or choose the brand-new optional 170 Special Falcon Six that also provides the Falcon's famous brand of economy PLUS an extra dash of power.

THE EASIEST CAR IN THE WORLD TO OWN! Economy where it pays ... quality where it counts ... is the secret of why the Falcon has set the standards of compact car success. See your Ford Dealer and see how little it takes to take home a 1961 Falcon ... the car no other compact measures up to!

1961 shown. Ford & Co. trademarks.



FORD Falcon '61
WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL NEW CAR

ONE YEAR NEWER. ONE YEAR BETTER ... AT YOUR FORD DEALER'S NOW!



A-H-H-H!
(HEARD THE WORLD OVER...
AFTER A GLASS OF TUBORG.)

CENTURIES OF DANISH BREWING SKILL, LOCKED IN THE COOL SHADE OF A GREEN BOTTLE. A CREAMY CROWN ATOP A DRAUGHT OF GOLDEN GOODNESS. A THROAT-TINGLING TASTE... SPIRITED, SPARKLING, DEEP AND DELICIOUS. FLAVOR THAT ONLY SLOW "NATURAL AGING" COULD CREATE. THIS IS BEER. THIS IS TUBORG. THIS IS THE INTERNATIONAL FAVORITE... FROM COPENHAGEN... **TUBORG BEER**

TUBORG BREWERIES, LTD., COPENHAGEN, DENMARK. U.S. REPRESENTATIVES: DANISCO, INC., N.Y.C., N.Y.



RACING ALONE

by FRANCIS CHICHESTER



ILLUSTRATIONS
BY JOHN GROTH

Last summer five brave mariners in five small sailing boats left Plymouth Harbor in England to race time, the elements and each other across the Atlantic. Despite fatigue, fog and the father and mother of all storms, the winner, Francis Chichester, kept this account of his voyage, which for freshness and immediacy belongs with the enduring literature of the sea

RACING ALONE *continued*

4,000 MILES TO WINDWARD

The idea of this race was Blondie Hasler's. Colonel Hasler is the cockleshell hero who commanded some canoes during the war and went up the Gironde River to Bordeaux and fixed limpet mines to steamers there and sank them. Two years ago Blondie had the idea of a solo race across the Atlantic.

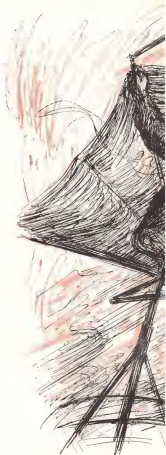
His purpose was to stimulate the development of simpler boats and rigs for offshore sailing. He argued that yachting is in the state that automobile driving would be if every time the terrain changed you had to stop, jack up the back axle and change the wheels for smaller ones in order to get up the hill. He thought that competitors sailing alone for such distances would be forced to devise ways of simplifying their tackle.

Five boats were entered: Blondie's *Jester*, equipped with only one sail, a kind of Chinese lug-sail, that rolled down like a blind; Dr. David Lewis' Cardinal *Peewee* and Valentine Howell's *Folkboat*, *Eva*, both 25-footers; and Jean Lacombe's *Cap Moya*, the smallest boat in the race but bigger than the 18-footer in which Jean once sailed from France to Puerto Rico.

My own *Gipsy Moth*, the biggest boat in the race, I normally raced in British waters with a crew of six. She is nearly 40 feet long. The mast is 55 feet from step to truck. *Gipsy Moth* was big for singlehanded sailing, actually too big. The sails and boom were too big to handle in rough weather.

All the boats had self-steering devices. Mine I designed myself and called *Miranda*, after the heroine of *The Tempest*. *Miranda* is rather like a mizzen, with 45 square feet of sail, divided into a small sparker and a tiny topsail, and a 14-foot rotating mast. The sail weathercocks with the wind, and the mast moves with it. At the foot of the mast are two arms which can be clamped in any position. From these arms lines lead to the tiller, so that if there is any change in the direction of the wind, the sail, as it moves, also moves the tiller to bring the boat back to its former heading.

Before starting, I carried out what we used to call in the air force "dry swine." From the U.S. hydrographic charts I took the average winds which have been observed over the past 30 or 40 years and worked out what would be my best sailing speed for each of those winds. I tried many routes this way, even the old windjammer route of going down to the trade winds,





along the trade wind belt and back up to New York.

I figured from these calculations that the Great Circle Route should be fastest. I reckoned storms, ice and bad weather, particularly fog, but I reckoned I could heave to in fog for periods of 12 hours each, if necessary, and still make better time than if I followed one of the longer, more solitary routes. Unfortunately, none of my calculations forewarned me of 1,600 miles of fog and winds which made most of my voyage, in effect, one long beat to windward.

I kept a diary. When I had come through the night and was feeling rather optimistic, with the next night some time off, I settled down after breakfast, got out my blue book and wrote, imagining I was talking to some friend. Then I usually wrote again, later in the day, with a glass of whisky in hand. I used to look forward to starting my little prose and wrote in all more than 50,000 words.

The Royal Western Yacht Club organized the start, and the race card read: "Leave the McLampin buoy [a buoy close to the starting line at Plymouth] to starboard, and thence by any route to Ambrose light vessel, New York." I began writing soon after.

STORM WARNINGS

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1960. 1109. Enjoying a whisky and lime after strenuous start. It is something to have so dodge launches and one's rivals as well as get across the starting line single-handed. It takes me longer to set sail, and the small boats got away ahead of me. I saluted them all.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1960. Written over a cup of tea in a bag which you hang in the cup and pour water on. Everything that isn't wet is damp and clammy. If anyone is short of exercise, I can recommend furling a 385-square-foot Dacron mainsail in a gale. Anyway, I feel better. Seasickness stopped. At last the boat is sailing along fairly satisfactorily, even if dithered slowly, with trysail and No. 3 jib. I propose keeping on this course, estimated at 225°, with the storm rig set, until this little stern blows itself out.

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 0220. Hell of a night on deck. Force 8 or 9 gale. Driving rain. Limpy seas bashing the hull. . . . 0830. About 5 this morning I thought I ought to crack on more sail. But as I started to do so there came the father and the mother of all squalls—wang! bonk! Splooooooosh! as the bow dropped into a trough. What a lovely lullaby, soon crashing against the hull. Now it is much quieter, but I would have been badly placed if I had had normal canvas set.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1310. So far, this is the slowest race I can remember. At 11:30 this morning, after three days, I was only 186 miles southwest of

continued

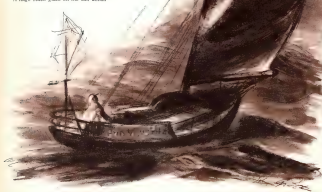
Plymouth, I shall not be there till autumn at this rate.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, midnight. It's blowing hard, and I could see I was losing a lot of speed by not carrying more sail. I set to work at once, and though I consider I know the drill fairly well, it took me an hour and three-quarters to do it, chiefly to change the No. 3 jib for the genoa. Then as I took the proper strain on the genoa, an extraordinary phenomenon occurred. The yacht went quiet and was off. I felt she smiled to herself and said, "This is what I have been waiting for." She has a sort of quivering, undulating movement, as if she were shaking her powerful haunches in a wild, silent gallop. No fuss, no disturbed wake, no noise, but the motion makes it hard to stand up.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26. Yesterday, at 10:45 in the morning, I went on deck, having noticed by the compass in the cabin that the course was erratic. I found Miranda's clamp was slipping. I started at once to take it apart and cure the defect. And there began an adventure such as I have seldom had at sea.

As soon as my back was turned to the tiller, the boat ran off, one way or the other, and pistol-like reports from the sail brought me back urgently. I found I could not leave the tiller at all. We were running with two jibs, the big genoa and a slightly smaller one, poled out wing and wing, like twin spinnakers, and going at a great pace, but the following seas would pick up the stern and slue it to one side or the other. In a few moments the boat would be coming round

"A huge black blast on the sail ahead"



hard to the wind with one jib aback, and big trouble ahead if it was not checked at once. I wondered what to do. Should I carry on at the helm a few hours to take advantage of the eight knots that we were making in the right direction? Or should I shorten sail?

LONELY CRISIS

FORTUNATELY, I got very sleepy, and could hardly keep my eyes open, so I decided to down the rig. I say fortunately because the wind was increasing very fast. I realized it quickly enough when I started hauling down the big genoa. The bellied-out sail flapped madly. The noise was terrific. The boat began slinging wildly to come upwind with the genoa's big flapping belly behind the other sail. I rushed back, corrected the course and rushed back again. I managed to gather some of it and put a sail tie around it.

The wind was increasing fast as I worked. I finally strong-armed the genoa to the deck, but I had even more trouble with the smaller sail. When I let the pole forward the end holding the clew of the sail was about six feet out over the wild sea. I got a length of rope about the middle of the sail, but the part between the deck and the pole began whipping wildly. I got it under control at last by twisting the sail round and round at the deck, until the loose area was whiffled down and I could secure it with a sail tie.

By this time, I had a really big blow on my hands. I worked hard to secure everything and was relieved to get the spinnaker poles to the deck and lashed down. And then Miranda began to break up. Her topping lift swayed and parted. So did one of the balyards of her little topsail. To get the topsail off I had to work with hands at full stretch above my head, balancing like a monkey. It was now blowing great gusts, and Miranda's 14-foot mast was free to swing in the wind, while I was tugged up in its stays working on it.

It was only when I had finished that I realized what was going on. The din was appalling, a high-pitched scream predominating, with spray peppering everything and seas hitting with a bang! crash! The wind was about 80 miles per hour, and still increasing. I had spent five and a quarter hours on deck; it was now 4 in the afternoon; I was tired, and I went below.

At 8:30 p.m., after a fitful sleep, I woke and realized I would have to do something to slow up the boat. She was getting an awful bushing from the seas.

I got out a big automobile tire that I used as a sea anchor and shackled it to the anchor chain, paying out 90 fathoms of this over the stern. I also paid out 20 fathoms of 2½-inch line over the stern. I then filled a tin with oil and, puncturing the tin, hung it over the side amidships in a piece of canvas. I concluded that it was not the slightest use; the engine oil was too thick

and we were moving too fast. The anchor chain left a white wake as it cut through the water.

By this time the wind, which had been steadily increasing, had reached at least 100 miles an hour. The noise was unbelievable. It made me wonder how anything could stand up to the wind. At 10 o'clock I worked out that we were headed into the eye of the storm, and I decided to bring Gipsy Moth around. I dived very reluctantly and climbed with difficulty into the cockpit. I found I had a dry mouth when I started to do anything but felt better when I did it.

With full rudder, held in with some strength, the boat slowly jibed about. She seemed to take the seas a shade easier on her new tack. When I went below I couldn't help laughing—all the books, cushions, clothes that I had gathered up were back on the floor. The movement was fearful; nothing stayed put. I dozed, but could not sleep. Waiting for the next comber made me tense. It seemed impossible that a small boat could survive. Reizen told me that far less strong boats than this had come through such storms, but instinct said I was a fool if I believed that.

At 4 o'clock in the morning, however, I got up and changed over to the other tack again. The gear seemed intact, except for some dodger lashing which had parted, but seas were breaking right over the boat. I brought in the sliding light, filled and fit it and rigged it in the stern as usual. It seemed completely unperturbed. An amazing light. Another amazing thing was the Aladdin wick stove, which I kept going all through the storm. It was a great comfort with everything wet.

AFTER THE STORM

THE wind had abated, and I now estimated it at 80 miles per hour. We jogged along at about two or three knots all night long, towing the sea anchor and rope, right on course. At 11 this morning I saw the sparker boom of Miranda caught up in the bucketay, and it brought me out of my hermit's cabin once more. I lashed the sparker to the gaff, standing on the pulpit and working with one hand stretched up as far as I could reach. The only other damage I could find was a life nail stanchion which had torn loose where it was bolted to the bulkhead.

The wind was still north northeast. The seas were turbulent, very impressive, like mountainous country modeled in white-capped water. There were no regular waves. Looking from a crest to the trough below, I thought their height was 25 feet.

Now I am well fagged to the bone. I can often hear a striker sea coming. There is a lull in the wind, presumably when we are deep in the trough. Then the boat mounts sideways, and I can hear a sizzling from the combor. Then whacko! If it does not strike the

continued

RACING ALONE *continued*

beat, she seems to shoot over the crest and land a heavy belly-whopper in the trough below.

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 2325. I started at 0900 to repack Miranda. She needed a lot: a new halyard, topping lift, etc. It was difficult to stand on deck, and over sitting down one suddenly slid from one side to the other.

I had to climb to the top of the 14-foot mast to move the new topping lift. The roll was maddening in the gusts we left by the storm. Because of my weight, when I got aloft the roll swung the same and the mast itself clear around 180°. I hung on pretty tight and waited for it to come back. Instead, the roll back sent me spinning all the way around. The next roll of Gyvy Aloh was timed just right and spun me all the way around again, and for about 15 seconds I was spinning around like a dromedary clinging to a whirling top.

After my first astonishment, I was scared stiff for Miranda. She was not built for a load like myself. If her mast snapped, it might take me a week to repair it. I finally caught the pulpit with a leg, dropped down as I swung around and got down from my perch as soon as I could, I kept at my repair work until I knocked off for dinner, which I have just finished, 14½ hours after starting work this morning.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 0515. I feel depressed. At 10 o'clock this morning I shall be 17 days out and will be lucky if I find we are halfway.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 2050. The *Mawerawee* passed, looking very solid and majestic in the dirty gray weather. I rushed for my Aldin lamp to signal and ask to be reported. Hello! The electric was fused. The *Mawerawee* sounded off with three blasts of her foghorn and was on her way, leaving me a trifle forlorn.

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1900. Is it still only July 1st? It seems days since midnight. First, I found we were only doing 2.8 knots. Try as I would, I could not trim her. She was being overpowered by the wind, and she refused to move. And the wind, an so often, was right in the eye looking in the direction of New York. At last, at 3 in the morning, I decided to go onto the starboard tack. I thought the ship went better, with less crashing about than on the port tack.

When I went forward to the mast I got a start. There was a huge black giant on the sail ahead, most eerie, as if I had rubbed my Aladdin's lamp and its djin or genie had appeared from nowhere. The truth was that we were approaching a patch of light fog, and the powerful white light from the stars cast my huge shadow on the sail and fog patch ahead.

A Canadian station suddenly came in loud and very clear on my radio. It was a surprise after the long silence of the mid-Atlantic.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1900. Thick fog, visibility 75

yards, heavy rain showers, gray, gray, gray. Shall I ever arrive, tacking eternally like this? Oh, for a week's wind free enough to sail full and by! It would put me right into New York, just seven days of it.

SUNDAY, JULY 3, 0915. Gosh, it's cold. I must pop out to see if there is any ice about. . . .

Well, I couldn't see any if there was, because of the fog. What a place! We are over Flenish Cap, an outlying shoal east of the Grand Banks. This morning my fingers went all sudden white with the water, and it was difficult to unscrew the shackles because they were numb with cold. And this is midsummer!

MONDAY, JULY 4, 2030. Well, if you come around the Grand Banks in a year's time you may find me still here, tacking against light head winds.

I felt I could not leave the Grand Banks (but shall I ever leave them?) without fishing. I used a feather lure and a spinner without success. During dinner I heard a sort of deep sigh, and came on deck for a look-see. Fifteen feet away four whales dived beneath the surface. I could have prodded one with a boat hook.

I saw that there was a whole school about, perhaps a hundred of them. They looked awfully black and sleek and powerful. My first thought was: "Are you friendly?" I concluded that their presence was a broad hint that the fishing around there was exclusively theirs, and hauled in my fishing tackle. Almost all the whales in the pack came up in turn to investigate Gyvy Aloh. Then after 10 minutes or a quarter of an hour, as if at a signal, they all dived together and vanished.

MISTAKES AND MISGIVINGS

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 0930. A feeling of sickness, of apprehension, woke me at about 9:30 last night. It was wild on deck, with water sloshing in the cockpit. I got up to the mast, clipped my life belt to a halyard and wrestled with the mainsail, grabbing handfuls of it in one hand. The wind, blowing gale force, bound the sail against anything it touched. It was hard pulling to get it down. The bow lifted and cracked down 10 feet, dashing water over my back.

Flashes of lightning shone in the fog. There was no sound of thunder above the thunderclap of the sail as it flogged in the wind. The ship lurched, pitched, rolled, trying every trick to throw me from my hold. The rain was a deluge. When I stood on top of the dinghy to gather the sail to the boom, the seething white water from the ship's bow waves rushed past at terrific speed. It was exhilarating, hanging on, doing the job, while tearing through the darkness with nothing ahead.

THURSDAY, JULY 7. At 2005 I crossed the meridian of Cape Spear, the easternmost point of North America, 26 days, 12 hours and 35 minutes after leaving

Plymouth Hoe. Distance 2,000 miles to the mile. Average speed: 75 miles per day. I feel this calls for a big celebration. I shall have to open a tin of sardines.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 2330. *Gipsy Moth* is fairly scuttling along. The gear at the end of the main boom makes a snuffy, clinky sound, like the bridle and bit of a horse. Standing in the stern is like standing at the end of a train, the glacier-blue flood seems to be swirling past so fast. We have done 24½ miles in the past 3½ hours. It is lovely sailing. As I ate my four kippers and four potatoes with four glasses of whisky, I thought how lucky I was and wished 4,000 people would be enjoying supper so much.

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 0845. Do you suffer from a lack of adventure? Then try closing the Nova Scotia coast after dark, not certain of where you are, in dense fog laced with rain and plenty of wind. During the night I went over my navigation again and made out that I was 20 miles clear of land. I lay down for a much-needed two-hour sleep. *Gipsy Moth* did one of her bronco bucks. She jumped a bottle of whisky into the air, where it somersaulted and fell neck downward. I

caught it on the way down before it hit. That's why I thought my luck was in, and dropped off to sleep.

Do you know, the ship began behaving like a thwarted, spoilt boy. The jib produced a thunderous drumming. The mainsail flapped. *Gipsy Moth* jumped and bucked, pitched and rolled. The wind sent up a ghastly whine in the rigging. Every time I dozed off a big sea crashed on the foredeck and woke me.

At half past midnight I could not stand the bedlam any longer, gave up trying to sleep, dressed and tucked the ship away from the land. On this other tack everything seemed to quieten down. I went below and slept hard till 6 o'clock.

When I came to plot the night's doings on the charts, the results rattled me to the bone. I found there were two charts on the chart table, the one on top is a scale less than half that of the one below. The top one had its margin turned down to make it fit the chart table. The edge of the chart below was showing, and when I had made my previous plotting—the one that showed me 20 miles clear of land—by candlelight, I measured my distance off the coast on the lower chart

continued

"She jumped a bottle of whisky into the air"



RACING ALONE *continued*

thinking it belonged to the one above. Instead of being 20 miles off the coast, I must have been about eight and, when I tacked, about three. Had I gone to sleep for two hours I might have had a rude awakening. It seems to me the ship was determined that I should not go to sleep until I had tacked, and kicked up hell's de-light until I had done so. It does seem amazing to me that the ship became quiet as soon as I tacked away from the coast. I am recording plain, unmitigated facts. I do not try to explain them.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1915. I sighted my first land today. It was Block Island, at the entrance of Long Island Sound. I worked like a beaver, cleaning the cabin, stove, everything—and shaving, haircutting, washing shirts. With one of our rare favorable winds, we hoisted along at 7½ knots. Then the wind backed to the northwest, and we were hard on the wind again. I set Miranda and clamped her to the tiller line, then started hoisting the mainsail. I had the main half hoisted when I noticed that Miranda was not acting right. I dropped the main and hoisted aft, where I found Miranda's clamp was not working. I dismantled the clamp and found that a spindle had rusted in. This was soon put to rights. What a relief! Up went the sail, and we were off. A wonderful thing, going fast at night. But I can't keep awake. Good night. Good night. . . .

UNFAMILIAR LAND

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 0400. A beautiful, starlit night. We have averaged 7.1 knots since 11 o'clock. There are lights (marine and air) along Long Island. I am eight miles offshore, close to the shipping lanes. I saw quite a number of steamers. At 0130, just 63 miles to go. 1130. A faint breeze livened up, and I decided it was worthwhile setting the main. As soon as we began to move, I tried to call the Coast Guard. A clear voice broke in: "This is the *Edw. G.* at the Ambrose Light. Your wife wants to speak to you."

I was surprised at the voice. I knew it, but I could not place it. Then I remembered it as the voice of Cap-

tain Percy, senior captain of the BOAC, a fellow court member of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators. He had been sent by Prince Philip, the Grand Master of the Guild, to welcome me.

I could hear a word or two from Sheila, but she was pressing the wrong button.

Then Percy came on again. "We will meet you," he said. "What is your course?"

"Two seven oh."

"O.K. Two seven zero," he said.

I watched every launch. At 1550 I was met by a fishing boat. My wife was aboard, looking very smart in a new Mirman hat. As soon as I could decently do so, I called out, "Any news of the others?"

"You are first."

The wind veered and freshened. I was not to cross the finishing line that easily. I had to down the gennoa and set No. 2 jib, the old warrior. Then I had a snappy boat to windward to reach the light vessel.

At 1730, July 21, 1960, I rounded the lightship. Officials of the Slocum Society, the American sponsors of the race, confirmed my crossing of the finish line. The race was over, 40 days 13 hours and 30 minutes after the starting gun. Distance sailed: 4,004½ miles.

When I arrived in New York I was met by a captain of the U.S. Air Force whose mission was to find out if I had any uneasy experiences or felt peculiar during my 40 days of solitude. He was investigating the effects of solitude with a view to forecasting what it would be like for the astronauts projected into space. I couldn't think of anything to tell him, but after being alone for all that time, one is naturally anxious to oblige. When he asked me if I heard voices, I was compelled to answer yes. I had heard voices once. It was off Georges Bank, the first U.S. waters I entered, and when I heard the voices I was rather worried. I popped out on deck, and there was a steamer going by, and people on the top deck, obviously enjoying their evening cocktails, and they must have called out as they went by. These were the only voices I heard. **END**



Announcing the most beautiful turn of the century! Plymouth for '61!



Never before a Plymouth so dramatically new and different! See and feel the head start it gives you into 1961, with its startling new looks, its eagerness, its sureness, its tight, snug quality. Beneath the all-new lines is the Solid Plymouth Unibody—one-piece, welded, tough and quiet. So get with the newness! Get with '61 Plymouth—at your Plymouth dealer's now!

61 PLYMOUTH...SOLID BEAUTY

America's No. 1 low-price economy car...a Chrysler-engineered product

What
in the world
is the
styling
for
YOU
?



BRITISH?

ITALIAN?

FRENCH?

RUSSIAN?

Clipper
Craft
creates

MR.

U.S.A.



STYLING THAT'S THOROUGHLY AMERICAN! Once again, America declares its independence—this time in the styling of men's clothing! Here, from Clipper Craft, is the clean-cut American look! Styling so free of frills, so masculine, so downright good looking—it couldn't be anything but American. And nobody's ever brought you such sparkling originality, so many exclusive new ideas in luxury wearsteps, at the Clipper Craft price! Mr. U. S. A. will win new respect for American styling the world over; it's definitely the styling for you! **\$55 and \$59.95**

See Mr. U. S. A. at good men's stores coast to coast, or write: Trimount Clothing Co., Inc., 18 Station Street, Boston 20, Mass.



CLIPPER CRAFT



FRANK CLIFFORD, professional football player, radio and television announcer and actor; WARREN MILLER, adventurer, movie cameraman, lecturer, model traveler; BOB PALMER, sports broadcaster. Photos by BOB KELLEY, lens artist, photographer.

Think small? Not us; we think bulky...

So far we've had only one complaint about the great bulkiness of our bulky sweaters: It makes it increasingly difficult for a large man to put on a small sports car.

Nevertheless, the appeal of these grand sweaters overcomes the objec-

tion, since wearers of the Jantzen bulkies are so proud of their raiment that they frequently drive their sports cars standing up, for all to see.

The shawl collar cable pullover on Frank is \$22.95; the same sweater, but in a five-button cardigan, as

worn by Warren Miller, is \$25. Bud Palmer's boatneck striped pullover is \$19.95. All are nothing but one hundred percent wool; these, as well as many other bulky styles, make up the Jantzen "Triple Crown" collection. Available in stores.

JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND 2, OREGON

sportswear for sportsmen. *Jantzen*  collection



Queen of the JANTZEN INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CLUB on the Skeneath green at Cypress Point on the Monterey peninsula, just a few days before Ken Venturi won the Claret Stakes. Left to right: Ken Venturi wears the Jantzen "Ken Venturi" golf cardigan. Frank Clifford in the sporty chain and knit super cardigan; Warren Miller has on the green and white cable knit bulky; Bud Palmer wears the striped shag pullover.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

A final report on the ups and downs of the 1980 regular season

by MAURY ALLEN

Baseball 1980 will be remembered as the year Ted Williams retired with a Frank Mortwell flourish and Stan Musial didn't; the year the Pittsburgh Pirates won a pennant and made the oldtimers happy by hitting behind the runner; the year the New York Yankees took a .681 lead into the second week of September, then vigorously won the race with 15 straight; and a record number of home runs (193); and the year size guys Warren Spahn, Pete

coasted home. Charley Deussen was more games than Fred Haney did last year, but the Milwaukee Braves were in first place for only one day all year. Spahn, Lou Burdette and Bob Hall did well (36 wins among them), but Deussen ascended because he didn't have an Elroy Face. Red Schoendienst flashed early in the season, but injuries and age slowed him down. The surprise team of the year, the St. Louis Cardinals, couldn't win a game in the first week of the season and were in fifth place in July, but they came last and actually threatened the Pirates in August. Ernie Broglio won 21 games (14 more than last year) and, with young (19) Ray Sadler and aid (31) Curt Siemmons, helped to soothe the pitching problem of Manager Sally Hensel. Noree Larker of the Los Angeles Dodgers missed the hitting crown in the last week of the season, but second best was plenty good enough for a fellow whose historic undistinguished career dates back to 1949. The San Francisco Giants started fast, faded faster. Manager Bill Kighty was fired in June, and in September newspaper ads asked that new manager Tom Sheehan go, too. The admen's choice to succeed Sheehan: Leo Durocher.

In the American League, the Yankees played for half the season as though they didn't care. Roger Maris carried the club in the early stages, but the pitchers couldn't win. Then Mickey Maris failed to run out a ground ball, Casey Stengel chewed him out, Micker got mad and began to hit and the Yankees caught fire. They swept four games from the Balti-

more Orioles in September and turned the pennant race into a rout with a season-and-a-half winning streak. Mantle led the homer-happy New Yorkers with 40. Whitely Ford's pitching was spotty (12-9) but he was when he had to (five against Baltimore). The Orioles, young and exciting and rich in pitching, seemed to have the Yanks in trouble before that series in September. Rodolfo Cárdenas Estrada, Ron Hansen, Jim Gentile and Merv Breeding gave Manager Paul Richards reason for optimism for next year. Mickey Vernon drove in 108 runs for the Chicago White Sox, but the Sox slipped to third—lowest finish ever for Manager Al Lopez. Injuries

PITCHERS' % OF CLUB VICTORIES

	Top Pitcher	Pitcher's Wins	Club Wins	% of Wins
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
AL	Seaver	26	58	21.4
Cal	Seaver	18	28	23.7
Bos	Mohr	14	45	11.5
Det	Lary	15	31	11.1
Bat	Frank	18	46	20.1
Wash	Stewart, Pineda	12	25	18.4
Chi	Spahn	14	37	16.1
NY	Stewart	25	57	19.3
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Chi	Mohr	16	50	20.7
San	Seaver	17	47	19.4
StL	Broglio	20	55	24.4
Atl	Spahn	11	46	11.9
RF	James	18	37	17.8
Pit	Law	20	55	21.5
Phi	Roberts	12	36	20.2
LA	Stewart	15	35	19.3

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs
	Actual	Expected	Actual
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Mon, Chi (3-0)	81	81	174
Mon, NY (1-0)	119	54	173
Mon, NY (2-0)	86	33	120
Sat, StL (2-1)	67	55	122
Sat, StL (1-0)	78	16	144

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs
	Actual	Expected	Actual
Mon, StL (2-0)	102	16	118
Mon, SF (2-0)	107	16	123
Sat, Chi (1-1)	84	76	110
Sat, StL (1-1)	85	78	147

*Based on subtracting 20% from actual

Russels and Dick Groat finished first. The Pirates were the steadiest team in baseball, never losing more than four straight (twice), never winning more than nine straight. Pittsburgh was out of first place only 25 days all season. They fell into second place for one day in July ("They're wackin'," sneered the critics) but responded with four victories in a row, in August beat back the mild challenge of the Cardinals and in Septem-

ber Woodie Held and Gary Bell kept the Cleveland Indians, but they rallied late to finish fourth. For a while it seemed that the Washington Senators might beat out the Indians for the first division, but an injury to Pitcher Camilo Pascual ruined that dream. The Boston Red Sox provided thrills only when 42-year-old Ted Williams—who announced his retirement late in September—hit home runs (29 this year, 321 lifetime).

THESE ARE THE PLAYERS WHO MADE THE SEASON WHAT IT WAS

MANAGER	Sally Hensel, StL
OUTSTANDING PLAYER	Warren Spahn, Atl
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER	Dick Groat, Phi
MOST DRAMATIC	Ted Williams, Bos
MOST CONTROVERSIAL	Jim Fierstl, Cle
MOST DISAPPOINTING	Willie McCovey, SF
BEST BASE RUNNER	Maury Wills, LA
WORST TRADE	McLish-Temple
BEST TRADE	Martinez-Vandome
SURPRISE HITTER	Jim Gentile, Balt
SURPRISE PITCHER	Ernie Broglio, StL
OUTSTANDING ROOKIE	Chuck Estrada, Balt

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's baseball staff picks the most valuable player on each team (below) and the American leaders (left)

National League

Pittsburgh	Dick Groat
Milwaukee	Warren Spahn
St. Louis	Ken Boyer
Los Angeles	Maury Wills
San Francisco	Willie Ways
Cincinnati	Bob Purkey
Chicago	Ernie Banks
Philadelphia	Frank Horner

American League

New York	Roger Maris
Baltimore	Frank Robinson
Chicago	Maury Wills
Cleveland	Jim Fierstl
Washington	Earl Batley
Detroit	Norm Cash
Seattle	Ed Williams
Kansas City	Red Bailey

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOXED BRAWLING

Sir:

Hooray for Kenneth Watson's article on the Lister-Masheen fight (*Really a Hay Fest*, Sept. 19). It was literally a brawl with a referee.

These men, from my point of view, had no respect for the referee or for the laws of the NBA. I should think that the NBA would have fined them for their unprofessional conduct. They should definitely have stricter laws concerning this type of "boxing."

MICHAEL O'BRYEN

Washington, D.C.

AUSTER AND LUCRE

Sir:

A tennis friend of mine has complained of the injustice of your writer describing the play at the National Singles as "lack-luster" (*Low Pistol for Tennis*, Sept. 19), and I must agree with him. The scrupulous match between Laver and Backhouse was the best contest of the year and best, nothing in comparison with matches of other years.

ARRIAN QUIST

Los Angeles



VETERAN QUIST IN 1966 SENIOR SINGLES

• We welcome any opinion, including a dissent, from a tennis champion whose play at Forest Hills this year and in years past seldom, if ever, lacked luster.—ED.

Sir:

I, for one, do not understand all the fuss (*Admiration, Revere!*, Sept. 12) about tournament promoters and clothes manufacturers who spend large sums of money on tennis players. The players certainly deserve more than they would

essentially ever get from any means otherwise and unobtrusively promote a product, whether it be a shirt or a tennis racket.

I can understand why payola is ethically and legally wrong where an inferior product can be promoted at the expense of a superior product. But payment of money to players does not seem to fall into that class. This seems rather to be one of the few examples in the entire social-financial world where superiority is rewarded according to the degree of superiority and inferiority is left out.

TOM WHEATON CORWAD

Cambridge, Mass.

NEEDED: TIGER TAMERS

Sir:

Your stinging, behind-the-scenes report of the colossal failure of the San Francisco Giants (*Old Pale in a Cold Wind*, Sept. 26) was both truthful and tragic.

Their demise reminds me of another very disappointing team, the Detroit Tigers. Like the Giants, Detroit had a nucleus of very fine young players who also played for themselves and not as a team. Like the Giants, they had backstop, infield and bullpen problems that went from bad to worse because inefficient management refused to correct them. Like the Giants, the Tigers had surging managers who refused to crack the whip and demand game-winning hits and instead let their "boppers" aim for club home run records.

AL LUTHEIN

Saginaw, Michigan

Sir:

In one respect your article did explain why the Giants collapsed. The managerial issue. There is no question about it. What the Giants need, more than anything else, is a manager who can supply the brand of leadership that can weld them into a team which takes the attitude: Fight 'em all the way, win or lose. Stick together and give 'em all you got. The Giants of McGraw and Durocher were classic examples of this kind. Actually, the Giants have a team that is as well-balanced as the best.

But then there's Candlestick Park. Thanks to that wind, people say. Don't forget that the Pirates, Braves and those Cincinnati Cardinals were faced with the same problem. And yet, they did much better. Why? They let that wind be psychology out of their minds and concentrated on getting used to it. They did it. The Giants didn't and that's the difference.

I still think the Giants are a perennial-winning ball club, and I will pick them again to win next year.

THEODOS RATNER

New York City

WHITESKINS

Sir:

"The Washington Redskins, principally because they do not employ Negro players, are a veritable choice for last" (*NFL Scouting Reports*, Sept. 26). Do you really feel that in a sensible statement for a magazine of your caliber to make?

R. M. GRASVOLD

Silver Spring, Md.

OLYMPIC RE-COUNT

Sir:

Re the Olympics. I rated a gold medal 35 points, silver 25 and bronze 10. I added the total for each country and divided that by the population and came up with the following rating:

Australia	48.05	Ghana	4.11
Belgium	42.78	Greece	3.64
New Zealand	38.40	Japan	3.38
Switzerland	36.80	Netherlands	3.17
Poland	35.05	South Africa	2.78
Sweden	33.38	Yugoslavia	2.71
Bulgaria	32.68	USSR	2.54
Italy	32.40	Peru	2.17
Sweden	32.05	China	2.06
England	32.05	Monaco	1.88
Finland	32.05	Venezuela	1.89
Czechoslovakia	31.85	Ethiopia	1.26
Germany	31.85	Vietnam	1.54
Russia	30.85	Argentina	1.48
Belgium	9.40	Canada	1.15
Turkey	9.35	United Arab Emirates	1.16
U.S.	9.05	France	0.97
U.S.S.R.	8.51	Spain	0.94
Austria	7.11	Israel	0.92
Belgium	6.90	West Germany	0.92
West Germany	6.17	India	0.85
Great Britain	5.90		

Points per million population

No country, of course, wins the Olympics. But it seems rather unfair to compare the competing countries on the basis of the number of medals or points won, without considering the population from which the medal and point winners have to be selected. In other words, it was no great shakes that Russia and the United States lagged on many of the medals, but that countries like Australia and Hungary racked up what they did, is something.

TONY C. ARAYA

Chicago

SEEN BEMAN

Sir:

Your article *Young Men on a Spree* (Sept. 26) should have read *Young Men on a Spree*. It's unfair to a golfer of Deane Beman's talents to be thrown editorially into a group of "bunny-sheeked kids" who are all apparently "eager and capable" of shying each other at self. Beman's credentials are much too good for this.

I wonder if Jack Nicklaus, your cover boy of September 12, would take Deane Beman as lightly as you did?

SAM LONDON

Fairfax, Va.



Tops every- thing You Wear™

FACE THE ELEMENTS IN A PLYMOUTH FASHIONED TO REFLECT THE NEW BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL INFLUENCES. DAY IN, NIGHT OUT, A PLYMOUTH TOPS EVERYTHING YOU WEAR.

PLYMOUTH

OF ADORE

WEATHER-READY® COATS

Plymouth MFG. CO. • G05705-18, M252

PAT ON THE BACK



LAWRENCE COACH AND PLAYER

No character in losing

Odds are that the conversation taking place here concerns one of the longest winning streaks in high school football. Coach Allan Woolard (shown with Guard Jeff Heeb) last weekend guided his Lawrence (Kana.) High School team to its 40th straight win, a 28-6 victory over nearby Astoria. State champion for the past four seasons, Lawrence has lost only 12 games in 18 years. During the 10 years under Coach Woolard it has lost seven, was 7B. Meanwhile, eight Lawrence players (including Olympic gold medalist Bill Nieder) have made high school All-America.

All football coaches like to think they are "building character," but Lawrence High's Woolard surmises no illusion about how it's done. "You don't build character by losing," he says. "You do it by calling on your own inner resources to win." At Lawrence, character building—and the techniques of winning play—are taught as early as ninth grade. But neither Woolard nor his teams feel they are under any undue pressure to win. Says Tackle Brian Schweda: "We respect the coach, and we'll do anything he tells us to do. But we win because we love to play football."

IN HEAD
O CLUB
FOOT ~
6 DAY

THE BRAVN
'N BEAUTY
OF THE GREAT
OUT DOORS
CAPTURED BY

BUCK SKEIN BRAND®

* unbeatably warm with Princeton's Orion® acrylic pile lining

You're a sporting man, a working man, a man who thrives in the great outdoors. Your jacket is a Buck Skein Brand! Its brawn and beauty are unmatched! It bucks the cold with the stamina of Princeton's Orion® acrylic pile lining. Weightless warmth! It's made of rugged Dacron®, polyester 65% and pima cotton 35% . . . true WASH-WEAR inside and out. Ask for mighty "Dakota" (left), \$25; "Aqua Dac" (right), 19.95. At better men's shops everywhere.

BUCK SKEIN BRAND, 16 East 34th Street, New York 16, N. Y.



LIFT IN THE WEATHER

WINDBREAKER® Reversible GREENWOOD'S Parka Poplin

in oyster white Parka Poplin with 100% wool lining in red, gold or lavender plaid. Raglan-back sleeves, continental pockets. Bulky knit collar, wristlets and waistband.
Size 36 to 46.
At Better Stores.

\$24.95

Long staple cotton in a high count construction for a sleek, smooth face, wind resistance, lasting durability. Mercerized to brighten the rich luster. SYL-MER® treated for water repellency. For inner warmth in outerwear, it's Greenwood's Parka Poplin.



Denville Jackets, Inc.
Denville, Illinois



Greenwood Mills, Inc.
111 West 49th St.
New York 18, N.Y.

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY

National Hockey League games
through December 17

OCTOBER 4

Boston at New York.
Detroit at Chicago.

OCTOBER 5

Toronto at Montreal.
Chicago at Detroit.

OCTOBER 6

Boston at Montreal.
New York at Toronto.

OCTOBER 8

Montreal at Boston.
Toronto at Detroit.
New York at Chicago.

OCTOBER 11

Montreal at New York.
Detroit at Boston.

OCTOBER 12

Toronto at Chicago.

OCTOBER 13

Detroit at Montreal.

OCTOBER 15

New York at Montreal.
Boston at Toronto.

OCTOBER 16

Montreal at Detroit.
Toronto at New York.
Boston at Chicago.

OCTOBER 18

Montreal at Toronto.
Chicago at New York.

OCTOBER 20

Boston at Detroit.

OCTOBER 22

Chicago at Montreal.
Detroit at Toronto.

OCTOBER 23

Montreal at New York.
Toronto at Detroit.
Chicago at Boston.

OCTOBER 25

Montreal at Chicago.

continued

It takes a sportsman to know the difference...
between ever-warm Hanes Thermals and just winter underwear.



Pardon the exaggeration. We just had to show the product. Naturally, you'd never go a-hunting without your outerwear, but you'll wear much less...stay much warmer in Thermal underwear by Hanes. You see, the specially knit fabric traps warm air...actually insulates you against freezing weather. And high absorbency means you're as comfortable indoors as out. Shirts and drawers, \$4.00 each in white, \$5.00 each in blazing red.

HANES

underwear • sleepwear • socks for men

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.; Hanes Division • Southwestern: Knitknit Knits, Greeley, Sweden • Australia: L. N. Hanes Industries, Pty. Ltd., Sydney • New Zealand: Hanes Knitwear Textiles Ltd., Wellington

Like the rainbow following the rain...
color comes to climate-conditioned

Rainfair



■ ELEGANT—Spans the seasons—rain, snow, clear or cold, with the warm, zip-up lining of fabulous "Orlon" acrylic pile. Warm fleece liner, too. Detachable pile collar. A handsome, hardy combination of 40% "Dacron" polyester, 35% fine combed cotton. Completely weather-resistant, even the lining. Olive, Oyster-Tan or Black. **\$48.50**

■ STORMLINER—Handsome and practical as the Regent. Some luxurious pile liner and collar. Tailored of hardy, weatherable combed cotton. Olive or Oyster-Tan. **\$29.95**

■ CORVETTE—Tailored to your youthful taste. New, shorter Continental length with buttoned side vents. Weather-resistant outer poplin with warm, nylon turtleneck lining, insulated sleeve linings. Oyster-Tan with bright red lining; Olive or Smoked White with gold lining. **\$27.99**
*Other Trademarks



Rainfair

RAINFAIR, INC. • RACINE, WISCONSIN



ANDY BATHGATE, NEW YORK RANGERS

HOCKEY (continued)

OCTOBER 26
Detroit at New York.

OCTOBER 27
New York at Boston.

OCTOBER 28
Boston at Montreal.
Chicago at Toronto.

OCTOBER 30
Montreal at Boston.
Toronto at New York.
Chicago at Detroit.

NOVEMBER 1
New York at Chicago.

NOVEMBER 2
Boston at Toronto.

NOVEMBER 3
Toronto at Montreal.
Boston at Detroit.

NOVEMBER 5
Chicago at Montreal.
New York at Toronto.

NOVEMBER 6
New York at Detroit.
Chicago at Boston.

NOVEMBER 8
Toronto at Chicago.
Detroit at New York.

NOVEMBER 10
New York at Montreal.
Detroit at Boston.

continued



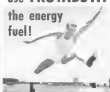
POLIGNAC

COGNAC OF THE COGNOSCENTI...

Cognac Polignac offers delicious pleasures for an educated palate—a seductive bouquet to savor slowly, the deep classic flavor of a great cognac. After dinner, of course—but as appropriate over ice any time. Polignac is the only cognac that is controlled from grape to glass by the Cognac Cooperative of France. 50 FINEST COGNAC, DISTILLED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE 50 BOTTLES & SUPPLIES. NEW YORK



use **FRUTABS...**
the energy
fuel!



Used by athletes
of 18 Pan Am
Games, World
Olympics, Rome Olympics

Each Frutab contains 28 grams pure Fructose, plus fresh flavor. Fructose is pure fruit sugar, the "heart of honey," rapidly and efficiently metabolized than other sugars.

An energy food for athletes and others. Not a drug. Available through drug stores, sporting goods stores, or direct.

20 tablets, \$1.39 100, \$4.80 1000, \$48.00

P. FANSTIEHL
LABORATORIES, INC.

1218 Glen Road West, Westport, N.Y. 10580

How to

*weather a storm
in style!*



MAINE GUIDE SPORTSWEAR

admirably uses Creslan to conquer the climate for you. Both the lined parka coat and suburban

coat are in an uncommonly handsome, weather-conditioned blend of 70% Creslan acrylic

fiber, 30% cotton. With Creslan, they come

through storm and stress with

unrivaled calm—and they wash with the same ease.

Creslan acrylic fiber, Congress Sportswear makes

the garments. American Cyanamid Co., New York.



Lord & Taylor, New York; D. Fox & Co., Hartford;
Higbee's, Cleveland; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston;
Kennedy's, Boston; Mahaffie Clothing Co., Rochester;
Stevens & Smith, Philadelphia

Creslan
ACRYLIC FIBER

Enjoy

DuBOUCHETT

(doo-boo-shay)

TRUE FRUIT FLAVORED BRANDY

*Delightful after dinner...
delicious any time!*



BLACKBERRY
FLAVORED BRANDY

50 proof

APRICOT
50 proof

PEACH
50 proof

CHERRY
50 proof

50 proof

MARY, BLANC & CO., SCHEFFLET, FL.

Choose from 27 delicious
popularly priced DuBouchett Cordials

Where Good Sports

Get Together

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Circulation 300,000 Weekly

GIVE... or enjoy at home
FAMOUS STEAKS
served by America's luxury restaurants



You can't buy them in any market.
Pfaelzer's U. S. Prime filets are grown in
served in America's finest restaurants,
hôtels and clubs. Tender and flavorful...
equal to nothing else. A wonderful
gift for friends or family. Quick freeze;
perfect arrival is guaranteed! Allow two
weeks for delivery. Attractive gift box.

Box of 16 Filet Mignons \$33 Delivery Express
4 ex. ms., 31" thick Special

When you buy steaks and seafood
from other sources, call today.

PFÄELZER BROTHERS (Importers of Filet Mignon)
Dept. SM • Chicago 9, Ill. • Yards 7-1700
© 1981 Pfaelzer Brothers

"I WON'T WEAR A THING
BUT TOWNE AND KING!"



says "SURLY" WOLF, bachelor

DRIVE IN, TEX., Oct. 17—A panel of experts
at the R. F. D. Sorcerer last night picked
"Curly" as the sorcerer's best, husband
material. When asked of the honor, he said
"Now I'd have to have an instant photo
number. An apple that falls from the tree with-
out picking it one million for me... and that
gives for double, too." He picks for women is
the highly admired OLYMPIC VALLEY
cable with cordless with shawl collar—a
Towne and King exclusive. "Nothing measures
up to WOOL"... and this is 100% virgin wool.
Seven popular colors\$11.95.

TOWNE AND KING, LTD.
Coordinated Knitwear
195 Broadway, Redwood City, Calif.



BRONCO HORVATH, BOSTON BRUINS

HOCKEY continued

NOVEMBER 12

Detroit at Montreal.
Chicago at Toronto.

NOVEMBER 13

Montreal at New York.
Toronto at Boston.
Detroit at Chicago.

NOVEMBER 15

Chicago at Detroit.

NOVEMBER 16

Detroit at Toronto.
Boston at New York.

NOVEMBER 17

Boston at Chicago.

NOVEMBER 18

Montreal at Toronto.
Detroit at Boston.

NOVEMBER 20

Montreal at Chicago.
Toronto at Boston.
Detroit at New York.

NOVEMBER 22

Boston at New York.

NOVEMBER 24

Montreal at Detroit.
Toronto at Chicago.
New York at Boston.

NOVEMBER 26

Chicago at Montreal.
Detroit at Toronto.

continued



THE
LUXURY
OF

ORLON®... fall slacks of
ACRYLIC FIBER

luxurious "Orlon" acrylic fiber blended with wool give you rich looks, soft comfort—new shape retention and wrinkle-shedding power—even longer wear. Be sure your fall slacks have the luxury of "Orlon".

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



"Orlon" is a registered trademark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Inc. "THE DU PONT SHOW WITH 'GREATNESS'" is on TV.

RATNER



Five fall wash 'n' wear slacks of "Orlon" and worsted wool are available in new patterns, new shades. See them at fine stores now. About \$20.

HOCKEY continued

NOVEMBER 27

Montreal at Boston.
Toronto at Detroit.
Chicago at New York.

NOVEMBER 28

Boston at Chicago.

DECEMBER 1

Toronto at Montreal.
Boston at Detroit.

DECEMBER 2

Boston at Montreal.
New York at Toronto.

DECEMBER 4

Montreal at Chicago.
Toronto at Boston.
New York at Detroit.

DECEMBER 7

Montreal at Toronto.
Detroit at New York.

DECEMBER 8

Chicago at Boston.

DECEMBER 10

Detroit at Montreal.
Chicago at Toronto.
New York at Boston.

DECEMBER 11

Montreal at Detroit.
Toronto at Chicago.
Boston at New York.

DECEMBER 14

New York at Chicago.

DECEMBER 15

Toronto at Montreal.
New York at Detroit.

DECEMBER 17

New York at Montreal.
Boston at Toronto.



JACK BELIVEAU, MONTREAL



TWO ROCKHOUNDS CHIP OUT AND EXAMINE SPECIMENS FOR THEIR COLLECTIONS

Roll Out the Rocks

For spare-time fun that every member of the family can take part in, consider rock collecting

by CYNTHIA LINDSAY

IF you see a man or woman hacking away at a pile of dirt or mound of stones with the concentration of an inmate working his way out of Alcatraz, and if the man or woman suddenly lets out a war whoop, drops his hammer, picks up something in his hand, puts it to his mouth and licks it, then heps up and down in a peculiar St. Vituslike dance, do not call the police. It is a rockhound. Genus *Americanus*. Habitat: North America. Young are known as pebble puppies. Harmless unless crossed when in search of specimens.

When you saw the rockhound he was at work on a spot where, from its general appearance or locale, he had judged he might find a mineral specimen of interest for his collection or his cutting machine. He found it. The reason he liked it was that this is the easiest way of telling how a stone will cut and polish. It cleans it off, and gives a sheen similar, momentarily, to that of a polishing wheel. The dance is peculiar to the species. It is known by a variety of names, including the Quartz Caper and the Rockhound Rock. It may be translated as "Eureka! I have found it!"

After the hound has completed his diggings he will hustle home and get his treasures washed as soon as possible to show to his family or fellow hound. You can never tell the real

continued



*to most men,
slacks are slacks,
but when they're*

*they're
master built!*



Look to the Expert for the casually correct masterpiece. Wonderfully wearable for Fall Masterbuilt! A reflection of perfection in the new fabrics, patterns and colors. For men and young men.

Masterbuilt
Slacks

At better stores. For nearest, write:
H. SIEGFRIED & SONS, INC.
St. Louis 3, Mo. • Since 1897

**TO MEN
WHO CAN
AFFORD
\$25
FOR THE
WARMEST
MOST
LUXURIOUS
UNDERWEAR
SCIENCE
EVER
DEVISED!**



If you're an undergarment who knows the feel of real wool, Duofold has wonderful news. After years of scientific research, Duofold has perfected a revolutionary patented Hayer fabric. Incredibly light, breathable, Deep Freeze gives you warmth and softness that no other underwear can equal.

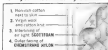
The secret of its wonderful warmth is a combination of 3 insulating air barriers between 4 layers of fabric. Another benefit of this revolutionary new underwear from Duofold is that it's remarkably light yet, once fully worn, provides up to 100% greater warmth than ordinary protective knickers. Duofold's 4-layer Hayer fabric is available in 100% cotton, 100% wool, or a wool-cotton blend.

With Duofold's 4-layer Hayer fabric, you'll stay warm and comfortable in light water jackets will keep you as comfortable warm as you are right now.

For more information, call Duofold, Inc. at 1-800-851-7511. Duofold, Inc., 10000 Highway 10, Suite 100, St. Louis, MO 63143.

OPERATION
Deep Freeze

4-layer underwear by Duofold



Duofold, Inc., Montreal, N.Y.
In Canada: Gordon Mackay & Co., Ltd., Toronto

ROCKS continued

beauty of a group of crystals until the dirt or clay is washed away. He next moves, unless he is a dealer as well as a hound, will probably be to call other collectors and promptly trade or give away any excess specimens from his hunt. A primary rockhound trait is excessive generosity.

At the risk of generalizing, I would say that practically all rockhounds are nice people. Despite the fact that some make a living from their hobby, few are out to see how much money they can make. Their generosity is a species trait that few other fanatics possess.

Correctly speaking, a rockhound is not out after rocks, he is after minerals. A rock is an aggregate of minerals, as in the case of granite, which is composed of feldspar, quartz, amphibole and biotite. To quote Dr. Frederiek H. Pough, who was the curator of minerals and gems for the Museum of Natural History in New York and is the author of one of the collectors' bibles, *A Field Guide to Rocks and Minerals*: "Minerals are the building stones of the earth's crust. They are stony mixtures of one or more of the 92 relatively stable elements that man has found in the earth's surface and its rocks. They have pretty definite formulas, and the things that go into them are the same no matter where the mineral is found. The quartz sand of Coney Island has one

part of silicon and two parts of oxygen just like the quartz sand of the Sahara Desert. . . . In general, a mineral can be considered as a naturally occurring inorganic compound with fairly definite physical properties and chemical composition."

A little teasing

These inorganic compounds have existed as long as the earth itself, so why suddenly do roughly a million American enthusiasts start harrumphing in the earth and climbing to dangerous mountain heights in search of them? In the first place, it isn't sudden. From the time the first shaggy Neanderthal man called at the cave of a leaved one and presented her with a shiny pebble, the earth's inhabitants have searched for gems. A penguin will pick up a bright stone from the beach as a token of betrothal for his intended. If a monkey cage is filled with rocks, the monkeys will pick out the brightest ones. Same with people. A child's first instinct when taken on a walk is to pick up a pretty stone. He never outgrows it. Man seems to feel better when holding or owning or wearing a fragment of the earth. Most people wear some form of jewelry. The Chinese carry "fingering pieces," bits of polished rock, generally jade or carnelian, in their pockets. They rub them between their thumbs and forefingers because they feel good. This human desire for a piece of the earth is responsible for



ROCKHOUNDS GO DEEP INTO THE GROUND IN TIRELESS SEARCH FOR MINERALS

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cynthia Lindsey survived her early days as a movie stunt woman to become a magazine writer, author and the mother of two. Among her books are *Madier Climbed Trees* and *The Nature Art Restless*. The latter, recently published by J. B. Lippincott Co. (\$3.95), includes an expansion of this article.



Copyright 1980, Cynthia Lindsey

millions of dollars a year going into the mining, cutting and setting of gem stones.

There are as many varieties of rockhounds as there are rocks. Some collectors collect everything. Some specialize. There are those who collect only crystals, only moss agates, only "picture" agates—so called because their markings make miniature landscapes or seascapes. Some collect only fluorescent material.

Regardless of the collector's specialty, the U.S. is a happy hunting ground for him. There is not a state in the Union that does not produce a stone worth collecting or polishing, and almost every gem stone known can be found within the boundaries of North America, including diamonds. There is, in fact, a spot called the Crater of Diamonds in Murfreesboro, Ark., which is now a tourist attraction. For \$1.50 "You may find your own diamonds—anything you find under five carats is yours free, anything over, you pay a royalty." When the ground has been pretty well picked over, Howard Millar, who runs the Crater, takes a bulldozer and cuts down to a new layer. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gems have been discovered there, including the famous "Uncle Sam" diamond worth \$75,000.

There are sapphires, rubies and emeralds in North Carolina; tourmalines, kussites, aquamarines, agates, and numerous other gems in California; tourmalines in Maine; amethysts in Georgia; opals in Idaho; turquoise in Nevada and New Mexico. Diamonds may be found in Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, although the only actual mine is in Arkansas.

continued

GOLF IS KING AT Gulf Hills

DUKE RANCH AND COUNTRY CLUB
Darien, Georgia, 30126

350-acre Victorian Estate on the Gulf Coast, the Spring South's premier 18-hole golf course, full program of club sports and tennis, swim pools and salt water fishing, air conditioning and other amenities. Room rates from \$100 per person including fully furnished accommodations, wonderful meals and full use of sports facilities. Open year round.

Gifts are on hand at All Times!

WRITS FOR COLOR FOLDER
Club & Country Women, Proprietors
Ralph C. Boyd, General Manager

VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH SEAS



The Ocean Academy, Ltd., Box 940, Darien, Conn.

July 1, 1981, the 97' Brigantine ALBATROSS will command a 25,000 mile voyage to the South Seas. She will visit the Marquesas Islands, Tahiti, Cook Islands, Samoa, Tonga, New Zealand, Pitcairn Island, Chile, Peru, and the Galapagos Islands. The voyage is open to young men and women ages 18-25, with no sailing experience necessary, but each person will be a full working crew member of the ship. Cost \$2,000.00.

BOISSIERE

THE CONNOISSEUR'S VERMOUTH

The great sweet Vermouth imported from Chambéry, France... distinguished for its golden tones, the luscious but not-too-sweet infusion it gives to a Manhattan. Or try its smooth, light-bodied essence over ice... as an aperitif.

SEMI DRY. 35% ALC/VOL (70 PROOF). 100% GRAPE VINEYARD DISTILLATION.

**Your Target is Big and Bright...
Your Aim Quick and Easy**

MODEL K
ILLUMINATED

With a MODEL K

WEAVER SCOPE

Get behind a Model K Weaver-Scope... take a look through it... you'll like the long, safe eye relief, the crystal clear image, the sharp detail of the magnified target. See how quick and easy it is to get on your target with only the crosshairs to align. You'll like the many K Model features—fixed reticule combined with internal adjustments—hermetically sealed lenses—compression Neoprene O-ring sealing of all threaded joints... plus nitrogen processing to prevent fogging. Model K prices range from about \$35 to about \$60.

©1980 W. R. Weaver Company

FREE Name _____
New 32-page Address _____
full-color catalog on Weaver- City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Scopes and Mounts Dept. 40 **W. R. WEAVER CO., El Paso, Texas**

THE WORLD'S MOST USED, MOST PROVED SCOPE

GORDON -FORD



DEVONSPUN

Gordon-Ford went to England for this practically weightless wool. The jacket is designed for country comfort . . . with deep center vent and hacking pockets. Available in a wide assortment of district check patterns. About \$55

Jarvis, Chicago

Boyd's, St. Louis

L. Strauss & Company, Indianapolis

GORDON-FORD, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1

ROCKS continued

The minerals of interest to the collector are not necessarily of the great variety, however. He may be after something called a geode, the discovery of which is one of the most exciting experiences for a rockhound. To an untrained eye a geode looks like the most uninteresting, dusty, colorless boulder. But not to a rockhound. It is a magical moment for one whose knowledge of district or formation leads him to such a rock,

He may be after a crystal which contains a bubble of gas trapped in a drop of water—caught inside when the crystal formed. There is fascination in watching the rolling of a drop of water millions of years old.

The hunter may, on the other hand, be after fulgurite. Fulgurite looks like black lightning, and it is. Rather, it is the result of it. Lightning occasionally strikes sand. The tremendous heat generated by the lightning immediately melts and fuses the sand. It cools quickly, leaving the



GROUP OF ROCKHOUNDS DIG WITH PICK AND SHOVEL FOR AGATIZED WOOD ON

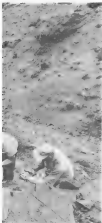
to take his hammer, crack it open and display to the world a myriad of fairy-tale crystals which have been hidden for millions of years and are so beautiful that no cut stone can possibly surpass them.

He may be looking for a gastrolith, which is no more nor less than a digestive pebble from the stomach of a dinosaur and is as smooth and shiny as a tumbled stone—which in actuality it is. Dinosaurs, it appears, ate rocks as chickens eat gravel to assist the digestion of their meals.

formation of the bolt itself. It is impossible not to feel in some sort of tune with the universe when you hold frozen lightning in your hand.

The rockhound has specific character traits unlike those of any other sportsman. He is with few exceptions scrupulously honest. Almost any dealer will leave valuable specimens all over his counters where they might be easily picked up. One dealer, when asked the why of this blind trust in the public, said, "It takes a certain kind of mentality to be a rockhound."

Dealers love browsers in their shops. After all, the dealers themselves are hobbyists, and they love it when people admire their merchandise. Besides, there'd be no percentage in stealing a specimen—you couldn't ever show it to another rockhound; he'd be liable to recognize it. It's as if one of your children were stuck in a group of several thousand others; you'd recognize him, wouldn't you? Why? Because you love him. Same with a rockhound—if it's a good specimen he'll know it anywhere.*



TOP OF MIER BLUFFS IN WASHINGTON

Second character trait: humor. Another dealer, in Palm Desert, Calif., has incessant inquiries from would-be, unknowledgeable tourist rockhounds about whether there isn't good material to be found in the desert around his place. They take up a good deal of his time, buy nothing, and when he says there isn't anything of value or interest for a couple of hundred miles, they go right out and spend the day looking anyway, return to him and take up more of

rockhound



- ILLINOIS**
Shore & Stevens . . . Galesburg
- INDIANA**
Bulley Shoe Store . . . Muncie
- IOWA**
Niles Sportmen's of Ames, Ames
Iowa Clothes Shop . . . Council Bluffs
New Union . . . Des Moines
- MICHIGAN**
Homer H. Hill . . . Durand
Standa's Department
Store . . . Grand Rapids
Wayne's Shoe Store . . . Hastings
Freder's Shoe Co. . . Marquette
Schwarz's . . . Mt. Clemens
Metcalf's . . . Rochester
- NEBRASKA**
J. M. McDonald Co. . . Minden
Quoff's . . . Omaha
- NEW JERSEY**
Bunkner's . . . Newark
- OHIO**
Chapman's Shoe Store . . . Chardon
Groundripper
Continental Shop . . . Cincinnati
Peterson's Shoes . . . Cleveland
R. E. Baker Company . . . Toledo
Ludach's Shoe Store . . . Wadsworth
Gutlich's . . . Youngstown
Mossy Shoe Shop . . . Youngstown
- PENNSYLVANIA**
Steweridge & Clark's Philadelphia
(S. branch)
Wanamaker's . . . Philadelphia
(S. branch)
- WISCONSIN**
Stanton's Shoe Store . . . Beloit
Haple Shoe Store . . . Cedarburg
Anne Shoe Company . . . La Crosse
Anne Shoe Store . . . Madison
Brinner's . . . Milwaukee
Wirth Shoe, Inc. . . Oshkosh
Harrell Field . . . Wausau
Brewer's . . . Wausau
Brewer's . . . West Allis
Brewer's . . . Wiscasset Bay

*Sure, we could find words to describe the comfort of genuine Dunham's Tyroleans®, but walking is believing . . . and a "test walk" at your nearest better shoe store will be the most convincing step you've ever taken. Do it soon. Remember, there are imitations that are made to look something like Dunham's Tyroleans®, but no one has ever been able to duplicate the comfort and quality of the genuine! Ask your dealer. If one isn't listed near you, please tell us.

DUNHAM'S, Brattleboro 1, Vermont



NEW
Midvale
BEDFORD
CORD

Tuffley
100% COTTON

Wash'n Wear Slacks

After 25 years in the store for young men and boys call TUFFLEY. Scientifically designed into the best wash-slacks made. Experience heavy weight, Midvale Cord. All popular shades. Free colors. Softened plus, 1/2" or no ironing required.

Regulars, Slacks, Hosiery
\$30 and \$40
Everywhere in U.S.A.

TUFFLEY, OKLAHOMA CITY 1, OKLA.

THE **I** ST
MARKET TO BUY

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
its 900,000 reader-families
are pacesetters who buy first.
So more and more advertisers
make it their first buy.

ROCKS continued

his time requesting him to identify their finds. He is patient with them. "That," he will say to one, "is a fine specimen of idiotite." And, "You have found some juskite," to another. "And that is either deteriorite or inferiorite, it's hard to tell because you've smashed it up so with that sledge hammer you used." Mostly, they go away happy—still without purchasing anything.

A feeling of sterility

Third character trait: he is a non-worrier. The rockhound possesses the knowledge that the specimens he is collecting may have taken millions of years to attain their present form or may have been created by one great shattering cosmic disturbance. The knowledge gives him a broad point of view. This point of view is probably based on his feeling of sterility. The rocks he handles have remained in their present form despite thousands of years of human conflict and catastrophe and will so remain even if our present civilization blows itself to bits. This knowledge of foreverness is inclined to make today's problems seem far less compelling. It also gives him a peculiar sense of time. I once had a date for cocktails with Dr. Richard Jahns of the California Institute of Technology, who was doing some work with the United States Geological Survey in California. I was forced to break the date, as I had to leave for New York unexpectedly. I was gone a year, and when I returned, saw Dr. Jahns, and said, "Isn't this awful—it's been a year since our date. We'll have to do something about it." "I'd love to," he said. "But don't worry; a year is just a moment in the mind of a geologist." That, of course, is a highly educated rockhound, but the identical point of view exists in those less erudite than Dr. Jahns.

Fourth character trait: A rockhound may have a satisfactory field trip, or get a satisfactory polish on a stone, or make a satisfactory display of minerals for a club exhibit, but he is never satisfied. When a rockhound is after something, it doesn't matter whether it's in a mine tunnel which may cave in, or on a shelf of rock 30 feet in the air from which he may fall and break his neck—he has to have that specimen, that's all there is to it. My then 15-



ROCKHOUND LUGS SON AND MINERALS

year-old son and I once came dragging in from a stone hunt carrying sacks so heavy that neither of us would have lifted them for pay. We had been out since early morning looking for some quartz crystals in a vein of rock that ran along the top of a rock cliff and down into the surf of the Pacific. We had worked unceasingly with cold chisels and hammers and finally at the end of the day had dislodged some crystals and trudging up a quarter-mile hill, dragging sacks weighing probably 50 pounds apiece full of rocks. When we arrived home we were both exhausted, but not so exhausted that we couldn't get the rocks into the kitchen sink and start scrubbing them. My tired son would not have scrubbed himself, mind you, but the rocks, yes. My husband came in from a hard day at the office and there was no dinner on the stove but a great many boulders in the sink. He is a very patient man. He just said, "Darling, don't you think we have enough rocks?" He doesn't understand. There is no such thing as enough rocks.

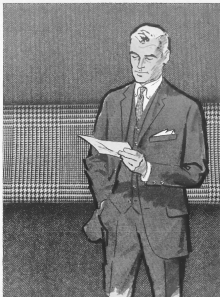
Fifth character trait: writer for knowledge. Delmer Davis, first, director, producer, rockhound ex-

tracodinary, responsible for such film successes as *Destination Tokyo*, *Tank Force*, and others, is a man of many interests. Collecting stones was not one of them until he was visiting the Museum of Natural History in New York one day and saw the displays of fabulous gems. It was plain love at first sight. He called a guard, asked who was curator of gems—could he see him and ask some questions? The guard said not to be ridiculous. Dr. Pough was a busy man and didn't have time to stop and talk to everyone who came in. But Daves heard a laugh behind him and a voice said, "What do you want to know? I'm Dr. Pough." Daves replied, "Everything. How do I go about learning to be a collector?" Dr. Pough said, "Anybody can collect things—paperweights, spinning wheels, bells or whatever. The man who really enjoys collecting is the one who knows something about what he collects. If you want to start anything, don't start in the middle, start at the beginning. Your knowledge is what will give you the pleasure."

Daves took Dr. Pough's advice. He not only made field trips to collect specimens but completed university courses in mineralogy, which in turn led him into the study of geology, petrography and geomorphology. He has, in addition to his rock collection, a complete mineralogical library and is a student of crystallography and the microscopic study of minerals. He has completed 38 volumes of mineral indexes. Daves' scholarly approach to the hobby doesn't alter the fact that he feels the same wonder and exultation in discovery shared by most rockhounds. Being more articulate than the average, he is able to voice the sensation of discovery: "It makes of every man a Columbus, to open a vein in rock, find an undiscovered pocket of gems, break open a geode and find the beauty within. What in the world could be more exciting than knowing that you are the first, after God, to see it?"

That could be the most compelling reason of all for the popularity of this hobby. In fact, the number of rockhounds who are scratching at the earth's surface is increasing so rapidly that some have wondered if it is possible that the supply could be exhausted in the near future. Not likely, but in the meantime, a lot of happy people are working at it.

END



Southwick

It's Not News To Us. Today's news is natural tailoring, a highly specialized art which SOUTHWICK introduced more than a quarter of a century ago. Although imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, you'll have to pardon our immediacy for having set this precedent years ago. Suits from \$85.00. Three pieces, from \$95.00.

For the ultimate in comfort and distinction

Southwick

Cincinnati, O. Vander Brink & Barry
 Chicago, Ill. _____
 Cleveland, O. _____
 Columbus, O. _____
 Dayton, O. _____
 Des Moines, Iowa _____
 Grand Rapids, Mich. _____
 Mark Harris-Bennett-Moore

Indianapolis, Ind. _____
 Kansas City, Mo. _____
 Lake Forest, Ill. _____
 Milwaukee, Wis. _____
 Peoria, Ill. _____
 St. Louis, Mo. _____
 Springfield, Ill. _____
 Toledo, Ohio _____
 Pyle's

For other stores write Southwick, 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

A sporting first from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

A brilliant picture history—to increase your appreciation of pro football

Here's a book for the library of every sports fan—the finest picture story of a purely American sport to appear in many years. It's a book you'll want to own if you've ever followed the excitement of a pro game on TV or at the stadium...if you've ever read Tex Maule's fast football reporting or followed the plays with Bob Riger's superb drawings in the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. (And it's a book you can have right now at a special \$1 price that saves you over \$2.)

Nearly 200 Never-Before-Published Action Photographs

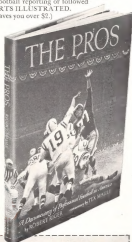
In *The Pros* you'll see professional football as it has never been seen before...with over 99 original Riger drawings and diagrams and 200 Riger photographs that often span the full width of the open book. With the eye of an artist and know-how of a real fan, Bob Riger has been taking these unusual, telescopic close-ups at pro games for almost twenty years. Until now, none have appeared in print.

An Exciting Tribute to a Rugged Sport

In this rare sports document you'll come to better understand all the violent magic and artistry of professional football...the play-by-play details, the great moments and the memories of America's home-growing game. You'll meet the founders, the old pros and the new pros. You'll watch the unsentimental "baby" of the Twenties survive to come of age in the golden era of television and dedicated fans. You'll appreciate this rugged sport as never before.

The Good Offer

And right now you can order *The Pros* through SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for only \$7.95 (instead of the retail price of \$10.00) if you fill out and return the coupon or the postpaid order card in this issue. We'll bill you later—but to guarantee delivery of the book we need your order as soon as possible. The offer stands only as long as our supply lasts!



A Big Book—measuring a full 9 x 12 inches... jacketed and beautifully bound in simulated leather... 200 picture-packed pages.



The Deluxe Edition

A Sports Illustrated Exclusive and a fine gift suggestion

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has designed an exclusive *Deluxe Edition*, complete with a gold slipcase and a portfolio of five original Riger drawings from the book (ready for framing). You can order this collector's edition, but only through SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, for just \$2 extra. (Use this coupon or the postpaid card bound into this issue.)

To order **THE PROS**: Use this coupon or the handy postpaid order card bound into this issue.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

BOOK DEPARTMENT

140 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Send me

_____ copies of the Regular Edition at \$7.95 (instead of the retail price of \$10.00)
_____ copies of the Deluxe Edition at \$9.95 (This edition available only through SPORTS ILLUSTRATED)
...and bill me later.

(Note: here's the perfect Christmas, birthday or anniversary gift for your sporting friends. Save money and order extra gift copies now.)

Name _____ (please print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

A small charge to cover postage and handling will be included on your bill.

7403



Daniel Webster honors William H. Harrison at the Log Cabin Ball

1800 candles gleamed in a great hall decorated like a log cabin when Sen. Webster and other notables gave a grand ball for William Henry Harrison. Guests could expect Old Crow to be served since, according to old records, both Webster and Harrison preferred it.



Taste the Greatness of

OLD CROW

America's Preferred Bourbon

James Crow created his bourbon masterpiece 125 years ago — and history bear a path to his door. Today 86 proof Old Crow is favored by more Americans than any other bourbon—because it is indeed still unequalled—the perfect Kentucky bourbon.



"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

LIGHT • MILD • 86 PROOF
KENTUCKY BOURBON

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY., DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

Why don't you settle back and
have a full-flavored smoke?

try Marlboro

*—the filter cigarette with
the unfiltered taste*

If you think flavor went out when filters came in,
you've got another smoke coming. Make it Marl-
boro. This one delivers the goods on flavor.

Sort of nice to know a cigarette so good can be
so comfortable to smoke through Marlboro's ex-
clusive Selectate filter. Make yourself comfortable
—have a Marlboro.



KING-SIZE SOFT PACK
or Flip-Top Box

You get a lot to like with a Marlboro

